From Dr. S. A. Green Sept '94

# THE HARVARD REGISTER.

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## THE BOSTON HERALD.

### A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE LEADING DAILY PAPER OF NEW ENGLAND.

A REVIEW of the thirty-four years of the *Herald's* career is replete with remarkable recollections. At its outset a forlorn hope, and generally regarded as destined for an early death, it has struggled through a series of trying changes and vicissitudes, but has outlived a majority of the newspapers that preceded it and were flourishing during the trials of its youth, and, within the space of only three decades, has attained by far the largest circulation ever reached by a New-England daily. In the summer of 1844, a number of journeymen printers who had been connected with the Boston *Daily Times*, then published at No. 3 State Street, conceived the idea of starting a morning paper of their own, and, in the following December, carried their design into execution. Their paper was called the *American Eagle*, and was "published at No. 5 Devonshire Street, third door from State Street," at $3 a year and one cent per copy, "by an association of practical printers, under the firm of Baker, French, Harmon, & Co." The *Eagle*, as its name indicated, was devoted to the interests of the Native American party, which was then a comparatively strong organization. The paper was successful at first, but declined with the decline of the cause with which it was identified; and in the summer of 1846, when its editorial and press rooms were in the old brick building on the corner of Wilson's Lane (now Devonshire Street) and Dock Square, it was found to be quietly dying, in spite of the efforts of its publishers, then John A. French & Co. Numerous consultations were held; and finally it was decided, that, as aboriginal principles did not pay, it was best to establish a new evening daily, neutral in politics, as a venture; and, if it proved successful, to let the *Eagle* die, and grow the green offshoot over its grave to commemorate it. Thus the *Herald* originated. Its founders were young and sanguine men; but, with all their hopes for the new enterprise, they never dreamed it would eventually become the leading daily of New England. They were advised by some of their friends that they were building castles in the air, and half feared that it might be true; but they "builded better than they knew." The new paper settled on, the next thing to look for was an editor. William O. Eaton, a Bostonian, and brother to the popular star actor, Charles H. Eaton, returning to the city after two years of travel, was asked by the publishers to edit the forthcoming sheet. Being young (he was then but twenty-two years of age), and doubtful of his ability to manage a daily, he asked twenty-four hours for deliberation, and went home, where he wrote the first six editorials which were published in the *Herald*. Finding that he could turn out enough leaders in one day to last for a week, he returned at the end of the specified time, and accepted the position offered him. He wrote the poster announcing the first issue of the paper, and headed it with the startling caption, "Another Richmond in the Field!" This manifesto proclaimed independence in politics and religion; that the new candidate for daily favor would be liberal, enterprising, industrious in all the departments necessary to the popularity of such a concern, and would devote a large share of its attention to literary and dramatic matters, as well as to local and other news; and, in return for its ambitious efforts, all it asked was $3 a year, or one cent a copy. With the commencement of the year 1847, morning and weekly editions of the *Herald* were issued. The course of the paper was more or less checkered from this time until 1857, when, under new management, it commenced to breathe the robust life it now enjoys. The first number of the *Sunday Herald* was published May 26, 1861. In 1855 Mr. Charles H. Andrews, now one of the proprietors of the paper, was engaged as a reporter. Mr. E. B. Haskell, another of the proprietors of the *Herald*, entered the office as reporter in 1860, and was soon promoted to an editorial position. A year later (1861) Mr. R. M. Pulsifer, the remaining one of the present firm, entered the business department of the *Herald*.

In 1848 the circulation of the paper was about 18,000 copies per day. In 1854 it was over 25,000. In 1866 it was upwards of 54,000, and in 1870 it exceeded 100,000, above which figures it has remained nearly all the time since that year, the average for the month of June, 1880, being 112,745 copies per day. The circulation of the *Sunday Herald*, which started at about 10,000, now averages over 90,000 copies per issue.

The *Herald* is in every sense of the word a *live* newspaper, and by the journalists of the country it is regarded with the still higher appellation of "great." Like all great papers, its connections are almost numberless, so that scarcely a thing of importance can transpire in the world, without being immediately reflected in its columns. At home its force is a remarkably large and efficient one, the work of which shows plainly to every intelligent reader. There are nearly half a hundred names on the editorial list, and one hundred and twenty-five men in the composing-room; while in the other departments — the counting, delivery, press, and stereotype rooms — together, there are about a hundred more employés. The *Herald* is printed on four Bullock presses; and its forms are stereotyped into metal plates with greater rapidity than any other paper in the country, or probably the world. The building occupied by the paper was recently erected by its proprietors, and is especially adapted to the requirements of journalism, having also several modern improvements which are fully as much luxuries as economizers. Among these, the most important is the electric light, which has lately been put into the composing-room. By its use the compositors, who have in former summer nights suffered with the heat, are enabled to enjoy a refreshing atmosphere and a light that is almost as bright as day. Beside the regular telephone system of Boston, the Herald Building is connected with the residences of two of its proprietors in Auburndale, Mass., and that of its managing editor in Boston, by private telephone-lines. The *Sunday Herald*, which is thought by some to be a separate paper from the daily, is merely the Sunday edition of the same paper; but being larger — its present size is ten pages — the opportunities it offers are greater, and they have been utilized with wonderfully good effect. The *Herald* is one of the few papers in the country which maintain perfect independence in every thing. The very idea is one which becomes rancid in the mouth of an "organ" of either party, so incapable are they all of approaching a proper understanding of the term "independence." But it is an undeniable fact, that a truly independent paper can do more good than forty "organs;" and therefore it is great — though but just — praise to say that the course of the *Herald* is a noble and upright one.

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*Vol. 2.* *CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1880.* *No. 1.*

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XII. Speech of President Charles W. Eliot.
XIII. Speech of Gov. John Davis Long.
XIV. Remarks and Sonnet of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
XV. Speech of Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke.
XVI. Speech of Hon. John O. Sargent.
XVII. Remarks and Poem of Judge George Washington Warren.
XVIII. Speech of Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie.
XIX. Speech of Professor Adams S. Hill.
XX. Speech of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
XXI. Speech of Col. Charles R. Codman.
XXII. Speech of Col. Oliver Wendell Holmes, jun.

## THE AUGUST NUMBER

WILL contain a report of the Phi Beta Kappa Exercises, an abstract of the Rev. Dr. Storrs's Oration, Edgar Fawcett's Poem in full, an account of the Harvard-Yale and Harvard-Columbia races, several interesting papers, a few good illustrations, and an abundance of news regarding graduates and students; politics, new books, class-meetings, class-dinners, class-reports, record of publications, marriages, births, obituary notices, summaries of sports, society work, etc.

IT is with great regret that the publisher again feels compelled to say that his persistent efforts to support THE HARVARD REGISTER are not meeting with the favorable responses that are absolutely necessary to sustain the publication. This is the eighth number of the periodical, and this is the last general request for subscriptions that the paper will contain. If the paper has shown itself by its host of able contributors, its abundance of news and essays, its excellent engravings, its handsome typography, and its enterprise, to be worthy of support, we trust that subscriptions will be sent in without further importunity, so that our efforts may be directed wholly to improving the contents of the paper.

## THE GRADUATING WEEK AT HARVARD.

### A FULL REPORT OF THE EXERCISES.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON. — CLASS DAY. — CLASS ORATION. — CLASS POEM. — IVY ORATION. — COMMENCEMENT DAY. — EXERCISES AT SANDERS. — THE ALUMNI DINNER, WITH FULL REPORTS OF THE SPEECHES, SONNET, AND POEM. — COMPLETE LISTS OF GRADUATES AND RECIPIENTS OF DEGREES, ETC.

### BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

ON Sunday, June 20, Appleton Chapel, in the College Yard, was filled with a congregation deeply interested in the Baccalaureate Sermon delivered by Dr. Peabody, the preacher to the University. A full report is given below. The hymn was written for this day, and was sung by the congregation.

### THE BACCALAUREATE HYMN.

BY FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

*Tune*, — "PLEYEL'S HYMN."

1.

ALL that we revere on earth
Hath its prototype in Thee;
Beauty, wisdom, power, and worth,
We as faint reflections see.

2.

Boundless space and endless time
Scarce thy wondrous love can hold, —
Love that fain, in every clime,
Would each mortal soul infold.

3.

So, to-day, thy smile to win,
Thanks we offer unto Thee,
Certain that the past has been
All that it could wisely be.

4.

Through the future's changing ways,
Wheresoever we may roam,
May thy golden chain of days
Guide us to our perfect home!

### THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

BY THE REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." — 1 JOHN v. 4.

WE must overcome the world, or the world will overcome us; and faith in that which is not of the world, in that which is greater, higher, better, alone can give us the victory.

My friends of the graduating class, you are going on your several ways, into a closer conflict with the world's adverse influences than you have yet waged; and you need, to protect you from harm, "the shield of faith." I use this apostolic figure, because faith is pre-eminently a shield. Things are to you what you believe them to be; and if you sincerely believe in a realm of being superior to the outward world, and in a life that transcends and will outlast your bodily life, your faith makes you a citizen of that realm, a partaker of that life, and therefore places you above and beyond the power of hostile forces in the lower sphere. For this reason I crave for you, more than all things else, faith in the spiritual world and life, and in Him whom I cannot but regard as the one authentic Revealer of that world and Herald of that life.

I apprehend that there is in many minds an impression that the recent progress and present aspects of what is commonly called natural science are inimical to spiritual faith, and have rudely shaken, perhaps entirely undermined, its foundations. There is much less ground for this apprehension than is commonly supposed. The few agnostics who have distinguished themselves in the advanced science of our time are conspicuous rather as exceptions than as specimens of their class. Among the foremost names in natural science, the greater part are, I think, those of sincere theistic and Christian believers. You may search Darwin's books in vain for a single irreverent utterance, while his recognition of the being and providence of the supreme Creator is neither infrequent nor ambiguous. In our own university, the world-renowned naturalist, who has from the first borne equal pace with Darwin, and has elaborated concurrently with him, rather than received from him, the theories that bear his name, deems it his highest blessedness that he is a disciple of Jesus Christ, and regards his philosophy as in part confirmatory, and in no part or way subversive, of even the most orthodox type of Christianity.

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I am not going to present myself as either an advocate or an opponent of these or of any scientific theories. They are out of my sphere. I am not qualified to expound or criticise them. Were I to undertake the task, I should fall as far below your scientific teachers, as they would fall below me were they to enter on the critical exposition of the New Testament. Nor have I any hostility to the theories that have taken so strong a hold on the scientific mind. Indeed, I have no doubt that they are all that is claimed for them by their most authentic expositors, — valuable working hypotheses, not unlikely to be progressively verified by more extended observation and research. I could admit them in full without having my faith in religious and Christian verities in the least disturbed; and I want to show you that they leave these verities and their evidence unimpaired and unaffected except at points where they postulate the truths of religion, and add solidity to the ground on which they rest. If I can make this clear, I am sure that I shall have rendered to some of you a parting service which may be of substantial and enduring value.

I would first speak of what has been not inaptly called the physico-chemical theory of mental action, according to which all mental phenomena are reducible to physical laws, and are as necessary and inevitable as the working of similar laws in the outward world. Thus, given the brain and the environments of Nero and of Marcus Aurelius, it was impossible that the one should not have been a fiend incarnate, that the other should not have been little less than a saint. Now, if we admit — and I am not disposed to doubt — that the brain and the nervous system constitute the medium of mental action, so that there is not a thought or feeling which is not contingent on a distinct physical process, still there is one salient fact for which this theory fails to account, — the fact of moral approbation and disapproval. The theory may be true; but, if it be the whole truth as to mental action, then Nero is no more to be blamed than Vesuvius; Marcus Aurelius no more to be praised than sunshine or a timely shower. Yet, believe what you will, you cannot get rid of the feelings associated with what are commonly called merit and demerit. There is no indignation against Vesuvius. The Neapolitans love it, are proud of it, and, when its fiery streams have overwhelmed their hamlets, they return, as soon as it cools, to nestle again under its shadow. Did they feel thus toward their last Bourbon tyrant, who, indeed, did them mischief to the utmost of his ability, but who could work less harm in a twelvemonth than Vesuvius in the twinkling of an eye?

Punishment means more than prevention. Prisons and lightning-rods belong not to the same category, and yet, according to the theory under discussion, their purpose is identical. But from punishment we cannot eliminate the element of blame. Nor yet can this element come from the fact that human beings, though not able to do otherwise, know what they do, and think they mean it. The more intelligent beasts know the mischief that they do, mean it, plan it, and manifest anger and spite in doing it; yet what sane man blames them?

Nor can the sentiment of approbation or its opposite be the result of transmitted and accumulated experience of the beneficent effects of what we approve and the injurious consequences of what we censure. For, in the first place, we praise or blame traits of character that have no direct or appreciable consequences in the outward world, and we especially admire whatever unveilings there may be of those modest graces that seldom see the light; and, secondly, mankind has had as long experience of harm from nature and from the lower animals as from man, and has been indefatigable in the devising of defences and precautions against such injury, yet without resentment, or any feeling corresponding to the sense of wrong that ensues upon human ill-doing.

Still further, we are ourselves distinctly conscious of good or ill desert. This consciousness, I have no doubt, is in part a physical phenomenon. My brain bears an essential part in telling me that I do well or ill; but it tells *me*, and, as I receive the report, I am distinctly aware that — while, if the reporter were my entire conscious self, the report would be a fiction — there is in and of me a larger and more comprehensive selfhood of which it is true. I have a distinct sense, not only of the quality of my actions as good or bad, but of *myself* as having the same quality: and this quality eludes all physical definition and analysis; it submits itself to no physical test, and belongs to that sphere of being which, because it is not material, has been termed, by common consent, spiritual.

The reality of this spiritual element as a working force in our world is brought into strong relief by another scientific theory, the growth of our own time, namely, the convertibility and conservation of force. It is admitted that there is no creation or increase of energy in the material universe: the only question is whether there is not a gradual dissipation of it. Certainly, of physical force there is no more in the world than there was two thousand years ago. Yet has there not been a vast increase of human power in every direction in which it can act? Where lies this increase? Not in physical instrumentalities or their products. You might sweep the world clear of all that art, skill, and tilth have constructed and wrought upon its surface, and the work of these thousands of years would be more than replaced in a single century, by a force which does not reside in outward nature, — a force which has been gathering volume and momentum from the day when man first began to subdue the earth to his will, and which has been treasured and transmitted, — not in material organisms; for, were they its receptacle and medium, they must have beggared and paralyzed for its increase all other material forces, which yet have suffered no perceptible diminution with the myriad-fold growth of what we call mind-power, soul-power.

Moreover, a preponderant portion of this mind-power is moral power, — the outgrowth of that sense of merit and demerit, approval and disapproval, which, as we have seen, cannot be accounted for by the material organism. Who can estimate the accession of power which has accrued to mankind through Christianity, — a power of which Christian nations are the depository, and the elect among Christian souls the full-charged and perpetually distributing reservoirs? The world has been constantly growing richer in the elements of power, and foremost among these elements are great examples, controlling influences, noble sentiments, agencies entirely divorced from material mechanism.

Nor can it be that the brain itself has acquired a stronger or a finer staple, or a more thorough and efficient organism. In this regard the ancient civilizations, with their perfect systems of physical education, must have had greatly the advantage of ours. The Greeks have left us brain-work which subsequent ages have emulated, but never equalled, and which only the chosen few can now appreciate as it was appreciated even by the populace of Athens. Nor was it by arms alone, but still more by brain-power, that Rome gave law to the world. It has been with brains of much coarser fabric than those of Plato and Epicurus, Cicero and Virgil, but with a power which the old world knew not, emanating from the life and spirit of Him who made humanity divine, that men in these Christian ages, as reformers, philanthropists, champions of truth and right, have given their names to their times and their unspent soul-power to all coming time. There is, then, a force, which obeys not the material law of the conservation of energy, which has grown from age to age, and was never so potent as now; and this force, because it is independent of laws which bear undisputed sway throughout the physical universe, we fitly term spiritual.

I pass now to the evolution theory. It is too early to predict its future with certainty. On the one hand, there are strong probabilities in its favor; on the other hand, it is not proved. It may follow the fortune of the hypotheses that have been crowned by one generation, deposed by the next; or it may be found so to harmonize all the vestiges of antecedent and the phenomena of existing organisms as to command permanently the suffrages of the whole scientific world. We will suppose it established beyond a question. So far from casting doubt upon religious verities, in its every aspect it leads us up to God.

Evolution implies, with its ascending scale of types, an archetype toward which the series tends; else it is impossible to recognize a series, or to trace an orderly development. It comprehends successive stages of progress, from lower to higher forms, in a uniform direction. The stone, the earth-clod, unorganized matter, is at the foot of the scale. It has no individuality, no power to change its condition, no functional agency, no capacity of action, no faculty. It *is*, — nothing more. From this, as we ascend through the lower to the higher grades of vegetable organism, we find, that what distinguishes the later and higher from the earlier and lower is superior faculty; and by *faculty* I mean the power of utilizing and of being utilized, — that of simulating, and approximating to, conscious relations with the surrounding universe. So far does this power extend in the more advanced members of the series, that poetry hardly exceeds the spontaneous imaginings of those most conversant with nature, when it ascribes to plants human passions and affections; and, on a glorious summer morning, the heart that throbs with praise and worship finds a truth far transcending prosaic fact in the strophe of the Hebrew psalm, "Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord." As we rise, step by step, from the zoöphytes on the confines of the two realms, to the higher orders of the animal kingdom, the successive grades are betokened by superior faculty, and not by more complex organization; for this, could it not both utilize and be utilized, would be mere surplusage, and not even organism. An organ is an instrument; and it is not the number or the structure of its parts, but the faculty that resides in them, that makes one organization superior to another. This faculty ranges in animals from merely automatic movement to voluntary and intelligent action, and along with each higher grade of intelligence we find corresponding physical tokens of a more advanced development. In man, so far as we can see, the series culminates in a conscious selfhood, mental and moral, — in a faculty which embraces or supersedes all lower faculties. Indeed, as we pass from the speck of mould up to man, we find that at each ascendant stage there is precisely this absorbing or superseding of such powers as

belong to the next lower grade. Each grade thus comprehends all the lower, and gives presage of the higher. This is claimed to be true as to structural development: it is manifestly no less so as to the development of faculty. It is man's prerogative that he — and, we have reason to believe, of earthly beings he alone — is conscious of capacities not directly growing out of, or wholly contingent upon, his material organism and surroundings. Yet it is toward this higher condition that all the lower tend. The modicum of faculty possessed by the humblest plant or the lowest zoöphyte seems the germ of human faculty, into which, if naturally developed, it could not fail to grow.

But this type towards which all being tends postulates an archetype; and if the series culminates in that which is supra-material, and the being at the summit of the series transcends the lower members precisely by the distinct development of the supra-material element, must not the archetype also be supra-material? If the archetype were material, the summit of the series would be a perfect animal, which man is not, and never can be. Nor yet is he a perfect soul: but he is conscious of perfectibility, — he can conceive of himself as possessed in full of all the characteristics, not of material, but supra-material, moral, spiritual perfection. Must not, then, that perfection exist as an archetype, of which the ascending grades of faculty are successive types? Does the series aspire toward nothingness, and approach inanity at every stage, or is there at its unseen summit Infinite Perfection, evolving in long succession an ever nearer approach to itself in its own sentient universe? To this question, sound philosophy and religious faith give the same answer.

Still further, as each inferior type fulfils its manifest destiny, can we conceive that man alone falls immeasurably short of his? Or, rather, must there not be for him a lengthened, an infinite career, throughout which he may perpetually approach the goal toward which he aspires and tends? I cannot imagine to myself this series cut short at the very point at which it abuts on infinity, — this mounting, struggling, panting life of the soul arrested just when it begins to know its own unlimited capacities. The series in its stepwise ascent points on and up, beyond the vision of the sensual orb, to regions where faith is sight, to the All-Perfect Archetype whose image we bear, to the eternal life in the bosom of the All-Father, — a life that shall partake ever more fully of his, and still, the more it has, shall crave the more. Indeed, the law of evolution points to the twin developments of ever higher perfection in the successive eras of human life on earth, and of ever larger powers and nobler attributes for the individual soul beyond the death-shadow.

To pass to another view of evolution, — does it look like chance-work? The argument from design has been abused by those who have employed it, and, because of its abuse, has been vilified. When urged with reference to detail, a double interpretation is always possible. Objects that seem adapted to one another may have been created with reference to one another, or by continuous juxtaposition may have grown into mutual adaptation. But orderly evolution from brute matter, myriads of worlds, each with its differing glory, globing themselves in symmetry and in harmonious relations, from homogeneous star-mist; organic, vegetable, animal, human life rising by successive gradations from formless patches of protoplasm — can all this have been the dice-work of mindless chaos, the outcome of atoms swirling aimlessly in infinite space? Bear it in mind that nothing can have been developed that was not contained in that from which it was evolved; that every film of star-mist, every speck of protoplasm, must have had within itself the germs of all that it has become. This is possible in the design of omnipotent wisdom; but, did I accept this theory in its full import, so far from banishing God from my conception of the universe, it would only fill me with a more overwhelming sense of his infinity, and would call forth only the more fervent ascription, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Nor does this theory make him any less the present, the ever-present God. If an initial purpose launched the as yet formless universe into being, with its multiform capacity of becoming all that it is or ever will be, time is but a category of finite being. In the Infinite Mind there can be no distinction of past, present, and future. He is from eternity to eternity, and in every stage of development he is no less present than were each stage a fresh creation. Nay, it is a fresh creation; for the omnipotent will must be incessant, eternal, else not omnipotent. He is no less the Immanent Cause than the First Cause. The universe subsists, the vast design unrolls, by his unceasing fiat. Let that fiat be for one instant withholden, the universe vanishes like the shadow of a dream. Law is but a provisional fiction of philosophy, — the non-religious name for the modes of administration of an orderly universe. Law has a real meaning only for conscious law-keepers, — for men and angels, not for suns and stars and oceans; for intelligent causes, not for unintelligent effects. There is no power of obedience in the inanimate objects to which we apply that term. Cut them adrift from the infinite, unceasing will-power which holds them in their places and their courses, — there would remain for them no law but inertia, which would either arrest them in eternal stillness, or hurl them into internecine chaos.

It may not unfitly be asked, What place does the evolution theory leave for Christianity? I answer, It not only leaves, but postulates, a place for precisely what we Christians believe and claim. It gives us the largest view of the divine omnipotence, to which all things needful and desirable are possible. It presents, not fragmentary and questionable instances of design, but a design embracing all worlds and beings, which can leave no portion of the infinite plan unachieved, no development incomplete. It shows us man at the summit of the series, with supra-material powers, tendencies, aspirations. The Infinite Providence has supplied the needs, filled out the capacities, rounded the destiny, of all orders of being up to man. That they could avail themselves of more than has been given them, we have no token. But if man has an exceptional capacity, why should we suppose that uncared for? If man is capable of rising toward the Supreme Archetype, what more probable than that this Archetype should have been placed before him so far as its attributes could be incarnated in a human form, and under such conditions as to become a central object of reverence, love, and imitation for all coming ages? Moreover, if the law of development pervades all organized being, should we not expect that it would equally pervade the history of man? If so, then the Divine Humanity would not have had its place at the threshold of man's being upon the earth, but would have awaited the fulness of time, and have been preceded and prepared for by such prophets as have left their record in the Hebrew literature, — by such sages and philosophers as equally shed the forecast rays of the coming day on Greece, on India, on Persia, and, it may be, with feebler light on many other lands and races.

Science does not, indeed, prove Christianity; yet it more than leaves its area uninvaded. Its latest utterances crave for man, the exceptional head of the series, precisely what Christianity supplies by ministering to his conscious capacities and needs, by insuring to him a destiny adequate to his aspirations. Christianity relies on evidence entirely outside of the sphere of natural science. As to its external and historical proof, suffice it to say, that, after passing through the severest criticism, it never rested, in the minds of such believers as have carried the strongest lights of reason and learning over the whole field, on so firm and impregnable ground as now. But it is its own best evidence. Those best know it to be divine, who have tested it by their prolonged and profound experience, who have sought in it a guidance that has never misled them, a consolation that has never failed them, a strength that has been made perfect in their weakness, a hope that has grown clearer and brighter as the shadows have gathered over their westward way and their declining years.

Here I cannot but ask you to consider the place which Christianity holds in the history of human thought. It is the only permanent phasis of belief or speculation that has come down to us from its birth-time. Behold the long procession of theories and philosophies, each paraded as humanity's last word and ultimate, irreversible truth, which have chased one another into oblivion, sometimes re-appearing from the Lethean stream, only to be again submerged; while this one religion, this one theory of God, the soul, and eternity, this one philosophy, deemed by its believers divine, has remained undimmed, unchanged, unmoved, like the sun among flitting clouds, like the cliff on the margin of the river, like the bow over the rushing waterfall. To whom, then, will you go? Jesus, and he alone, has the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that he is the Son of the living God.

My friends, I have assumed, as to natural science, the position which is likely for the present to be maintained by those who, in their own department, have the best right to speak with authority. I find that between this position and that which was currently held when I was of your age, there is no sensible parallax in my view of the objects of my religious and Christian faith and reverence. In science, you will not take opinions on mere hearsay evidence, but will seek to know the reasons for your beliefs. On the immeasurably more momentous subjects connected with your own being, duty, and destiny, let me beg you not to fall without reflection into any current of sceptical thought, but to give full scope to the claims of religion and Christianity on your serious, earnest, and profoundly interested inquiry. Take counsel of your higher nature, of your moral, spiritual needs, of your condition as those whose longest lease of life will seem, as your years roll on, oh! you know not how brief and transient; of those yearnings for immortality which well up in your hearts only because there is an Infinite Fountain that can fill them. God grant you the best of this world that can be yours, and heaven still be yours! May he be your Guide on the unknown ways which lie before you; and, while this may be your last meeting on earth in undimished numbers, may there be an unbroken class-meeting where there is no parting, when the star shall have been entered on the catalogue for your last solitary survivor!

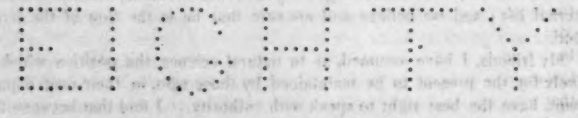
## CLASS DAY AT HARVARD.

Of all the happy celebrations throughout the year, probably none surpasses Harvard Class Day, — an anniversary which, with few exceptions, has been celebrated substantially in its present manner since 1838, when it superseded another form of celebration.

The first Class-Day oration was delivered in 1776, and it was in Latin. Later, a poem was added, and prayers by the President. The social feature of the day was for many years confined to a piece of cake and a glass of wine taken at the President's, in the front parlors of the old Wadsworth House. When the stately Josiah Quincy gave you this parting glass, you felt as if you had drunk with Prince Metternich at Johannisberg a bottle of his choicest vintage. About 1830 there was introduced an afternoon punch, which the graduating class imbibed around the "Tree." Lying upon the grass, they emptied pail after pail brought in rapid succession from "Willard's," now the passengers' waiting-room of the Union Railway Company. The scene was picturesque and convivial. There was not even a rope or a ticket to keep off outsiders; and the "mucker" of those days got, by hook or crook, many a brimming glass of excellent punch. In fact, it became a little too convivial as the years went on, so that the class of 1838 (in which were James Russell Lowell, Attorney-Gen. Charles Devens, and William Wetmore Story, the sculptor), in concert with President Quincy, contrived the present mode of conducting the ceremonies of the day.

The Class Day of '80 was so perfect in every respect that it may be regarded as a model for future Class Days; and a description of it will give to the public, and even to the old graduates who have never witnessed the modern festivities, an idea of the way we now celebrate the day.

June 25, 1880, dawned with a clear sky, except a few passing clouds, that only tantalized the farmers with an unfulfilled promise of rain. The thermometer ranged from 66° (at 4 A.M.) to 92° (at 6 P.M.). At an early hour the commotion began. The class of 1880 were to receive their friends, and with the elegance which the traditions of former classes and their own college experience had suggested. Coming from Boston could be seen bands of musicians and groups of colored waiters, who, in their best attire, take pride in exerting themselves to the utmost on Class Day. Caterers were numerous enough to provide for the great number of persons expected. Flowers were everywhere in profusion. The exterior show, however, was not overdone. The Quadrangle was overhung with a network of ropes supporting thousands of many-colored lanterns, producing a beautiful effect overhead and underfoot. Almost in front of University Hall there had been put up a band-stand, on which, during the whole afternoon and evening, the Cadet Band played its choicest selections. On the front of Holworthy a series of gas-jets spelled out the word



and opposite the middle entry a stand had been placed, upon which, in the evening, from eight to half-past nine o'clock, the Glee Club, under leadership of George Albert Burdett, sung a goodly collection of favorite college songs. The Quadrangle was paled in, so that in the evening the crowd might not again be so excessive as to mar the enjoyment of the invited guests. It has become a prevalent idea, that Class Day is a festive occasion for the public at large; whereas it is intended simply for the graduating class and their friends. The expenses are borne by the seniors alone, and the pleasures are intended to be limited to themselves and their guests. Yet hundreds of requests are made for tickets for the various exercises. These requests come not only to the seniors, but also to the three lower classes, who are not given tickets even for themselves. But, as said already, the day is for the seniors; and even their facilities for entertainment are limited, first by their means for expenses, — as they pay for every ticket they get, — and then by the whole possible accommodations, for now, when the classes begin to number about 200 members each, it can be readily seen, that, if every member invites only 25 ladies and gentlemen among his acquaintances, the number swells at once to 5,000 persons, — quite a host to provide for in an enjoyable way, and at a necessarily limited expenditure. And in this very matter the Class Day of '80 will bear the most favorable comparison with its predecessors; for, instead of a great unwieldy crowd, there were at no time more persons present than were well entertained.

### THE CLASS EXERCISES OF 1880.

The whole programme was carried out in extreme good order and promptness. At half-past nine A.M. the senior class — about 170 young men — in dress-suits, white cravats, and silk hats, met in front of Holworthy Hall, marched to Appleton Chapel, where prayer was offered by the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D. On the way to the chapel they were saluted with nine hearty "'rahs for '80," by the juniors (1881) who had congregated on the steps of University Hall. At half-past ten A.M., Sanders Theatre was opened, and within half an hour almost every seat in the auditorium except the semi-decagon reserved for the class was occupied by an audience as gay and brilliant as gathers together on any festal day. About half-past eleven the seniors met again in front of Holworthy, and thence, preceded by the Cadet Band, marched to Sanders Theatre, and took the seats reserved for them. The platform was gayly decked with flowers and plants; and now, looking in any direction, one could not fail to see things which specially delight the eye: the radiant crowd of smiling and lovely faces, with gay toilets, waving ribbons, dainty laces, and flashing fans of every hue, giving to the sombre theatre the appearance of a vast kaleidoscope.

The following exercises then took place in the order given: —

MUSIC.
By the Germania Band.

PRAYER.
By Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D.

ORATION.
By Charles Wesley Bradley.

MUSIC.
By the Germania Band.

POEM.
By Arthur Lee Hanscom.

IVY ORATION.
By Albert Bushnell Hart.

ODE.
By William George Pellew.

The orator, poet, ivy-orator, and odist are chosen solely with the view of bringing forth the productions that will cast most honor upon the class; and the class song is the result of earnest competition. It is therefore with pleasure that The Harvard Register can say it is the first publication to present to the public, the orations, poem, ode, and song in full.

### ORATION.

BY CHARLES WESLEY BRADLEY.

Classmates and Friends, — The significance of this day is that of farewell: its charm is the charm of memory. It is the day upon which we turn from the romance of college to the sober reality of the world. The importance of the change lends a new interest to the life which we are leaving. We see a new meaning in the old familiar scenes. For the first time we are conscious of their real worth. At such a moment, when we bid farewell to so much that has become endeared, the mind and heart are open to impressions which may influence our lives. Let us, then, look back over the four years that are gone; and, while their colors are still bright in our memory, let us live over again their teaching and their joy.

Our class life has the first claim upon our attention. Classes, like individuals, acquire a certain character and reputation in the college. We shall always remember the Class of Eighty as one whose characteristic was faithfulness, — faithfulness in our duties to the college, in our duties to each

other, and in our duties to the organizations which we have been called upon to support. We have maintained a high standard of scholarship; we have preserved a strong class feeling in spite of tendencies which have tried to draw us apart; we have subscribed more generously than larger and wealthier classes whenever college interests have called. Other classes have given more men to our athletic sports; but we have given leaders, — we have given a captain to the Nine, the Eleven, and the Crew. Eighty has excelled in single men, if not in numbers; and, when she could not give men, she has never failed to give money. Her career has been one of public enterprise. The name of Eighty will always call that career to mind, and will serve as a bond of silent understanding to unite us in spirit when we are far apart.

Our individual life attracts us next. And, first, of its social side. From our intercourse with each other, we have derived powers of address, tact, and self-control; we have learned to read our own minds, and have come, in some degree at least, to see ourselves as others see us; we have gained an insight into character, — a discernment of motives and of men which mere intellectual training can never give. But we are concerned to-day, not so much with the benefit of these broader social influences, as with the richness of the friendships which we are to carry away. Early associations, quickened by the sense of a worthy common interest, give a charm to young friendships which the attachments of business or politics must always lack. We go forth rich indeed, who bear with us the esteem and love of our classmates, to cheer, encourage, and elevate us through all the trials of life. And not least in good influences will be the memory of the three whom we have lost: they are here to-day in the grateful hearts of all who knew their worth.

Let us turn from the social to the private side of our life. By this I mean the side which is developed by the college. I pass over the more material good of which we are all conscious; but I would call your attention to an influence which we are too apt to forget, — the influence of the *spirit* of our college. The sense of belonging to this reverend university makes us aware of an alliance with nobility departed. The college walls shut us out from time, and bring us face to face with the men who have lived here in the past. We have no need, like the ancient Romans, to parade the images of our ancestors that we may refresh the memory of their deeds. We read the lessons of their lives in all around us. These old buildings, hallowed by the virtue and devotion of the past, instruct and inspire us. We drink in patriotism with the air we breathe. As we sit in the hush of this majestic hall, we yield unconsciously to the influence of the spirit which prompted its erection.

> "With reverent step the marble pavement tread,
> Where our proud mother's martyr-roll is read.
> See the gray halls that cluster, gathering round
> This lofty shrine, with holiest memories crowned;
> See the fair matron in her summer bower,
> Fresh as a rose in bright, perennial flower;
> Read on her standard, always in the van,
> Truth, the one word that makes a slave a man;
> Think whose the hands that fed her altar-fires, —
> Then count the debt we owe our scholar sires!"

That statue [Josiah Quincy] speaks to us to-day. Its silence is more eloquent than any living words!

This sense of the inherited worth of Harvard is the source of our strong personal feeling for the college. This it is which makes her our *alma mater*, — an invisible, personal presence, — human, sympathetic, benignant, rich in pure and lofty influences. To make us know the power of these influences is the highest work of our instructors; their best teaching is that which results in the awakening of the soul. Character has been called a state of feeling become habitual. A high moral force should then be ours; a potent influence in the development of our character should be this feeling of the nobility of our college. To-day we are not fully conscious of its power. The poet knows not how deep the spirit of summer sank into his heart, until long afterward, he finds forgotten influences shaping themselves into song. So it is with the best inheritance of Harvard. We bear away a gift which will take form in future years.

How great is the responsibility which this gift confers upon us! We hear it said that our education imposes a duty to society: it imposes also a duty to ourselves. To feel that our culture is precious, to know that it entitles us to respect, should stimulate us to be true to ourselves. The sense of our advantages should "quicken our behavior, and strengthen all our powers." But this consciousness of the worth of our education may develop into pretension and arrogance, if we do not constantly remember that our advantages are no creation of our own, — that for whatever good we may do by virtue of our education, we should be grateful, not to ourselves, who are only the instruments, but to Harvard, which is the cause. We are, therefore, responsible, not only to ourselves, but in a far higher degree to our college. The English nobleman who is named from his lands feels bound to preserve that name's integrity. In like manner may we never hear the name of Harvard without feeling it a challenge to duty and honor. Let us be true to our *alma mater!* What though she has taught us that we are not all geniuses? We must take ourselves for better or for worse. "Envy is ignorance, imitation is suicide." Our concern is with the practical affairs of life. It is not ours to quarrel with existence, or to seek to unravel its mystery. We must take the world as a fact, and make the most of what we find it. Our *alma mater* asks only this, in return for all that she has done for us.

But our education has ill-prepared us to make the most of our abilities if it has not taught us that in constant endeavor lies the only true success. We should not fail to retain what we have done, — a man's real gain becomes part of himself, — but we should forget our success as soon as it is accomplished; our constant question should be, not where we stand, but whither we are tending.

> "There's life alone in duty done,
> And rest alone in striving."

Even if fortune fail, faithful service is its own reward. "Work is victory." "Adversity," says Emerson, "is the prosperity of the great." Let us, then, preserve our courage in the face of all evil, and keep our vigor always young. Let us remember the German proverb, "To the earnest belongs the world."

Such are the lessons of our college life. Such is the equipment with which we turn to meet the world. Rich in the character and culture with which our college has endowed us, and aware of the responsibilities which this endowment bestows, we stand upon the threshold of a broader life, eager for its opportunities, more eager, I trust, for its duties. Foremost among these duties are those which we owe to the society in which we live. We shall detect their nature if we examine the present characteristics of our nation.

The history of America is the history of a principle. A principle led "The Mayflower" over the ocean; a principle warmed the life-blood of the patriot army in the snows of Valley Forge. This devotion to principle is determined by something deeper than enthusiasm. It is the manifestation of that sterling character, of that earnest national will, which is the rich inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here is no light gracefulness or frivolity, but the rugged valor of old Norse sea-kings, — the sturdy Gothic sincerity that was individualized in Alfred and Hampden and Cromwell. America has softened the Anglo-Saxon character. What was brute character in the old sea-kings has been refined by centuries of strong practical endeavor, into a passion for industry and for liberty. To-day the people of the United States are distinguished by energy, self-reliance, reasonableness, and humanity. Power of conduct is the characteristic of our nation.

What, then, do we lack? We lack the power to guide our conduct in the service of adequate ideals. Our power of conduct is manifested by our craving for democracy: our lack of high ideals is manifested by our failure to make the most of this democracy. The modern spirit is essentially democratic; we are tending towards a Spartan individualism; democracy is striving to possess and enjoy the world, as aristocracies have done in the past. This tendency is right. The ideal of society is the equality of its members; but the danger is that the democratic impulse will assert itself too strongly for lack of right control.

A large class of men in this country think that the people are intelligent enough to govern wisely. An orator of the people recently said that common honesty and common sense were better guides for the workingman than education; and it is even urged that the higher education is dangerous to popular liberties. Such opinions are wide-spread at the present day, and the men who hold them are by no means men of the most ignorant classes. Many of them are conscientious, thinking men: they are earnest and sincere, but their sincerity is dangerous because it is mistaken. They witness the low ambition and dishonor of many educated men in public life, and conclude that education is the source of all the misery which is caused by corrupt capitalists and politicians. They not only assert that the honest man cannot do wrong, but that the educated man cannot do right. They think that culture stifles the moral sense, — that the cultivated classes have only their own welfare at heart. They fail to see that it is not the power education gives, but the abuse of that power, which should be condemned. They fail to see that their own ignorance offers the opportunity for corruption, and is the real source of the dangers which threaten their rights. Their ignorance is fatal to their morality. Unable to distinguish between true and false ideas, they threaten to remedy their wrongs by resorting to violence. In the name of liberty, they would destroy liberty, and would achieve equality by a return to barbarism. We should take a lesson from the crisis through which we have recently passed.

A few days ago a Commencement orator called attention to the ignorance which the people manifested in our recent financial contest. Common honesty and common sense did not throw much light upon the questions of inflation, resumption, and business depression; but a few earnest men in the West, where the danger was greatest, organized an Honest Money League, ectured among the farms and villages, and saved the country from financial

ruin. The people realized that something more than correct sentiment was needed, and were eager to obtain a knowledge of principles. This instance shows that the people desire to do right: they need to be told how. Power of conduct desires the right, power of intellect shows how to attain it: national morality is the result of a union of the two. The problem before the democracy of America is, how to obtain such light of intellect as will enable it to recognize and follow high ideals. As a nation we lack ideals of reason, culture, morality, grandeur. Our power of conduct has made us successful, but it has not been controlled by the power to subdue our success. Our prosperity is material and vulgar. We need the elevating influences of art to teach us the graces and manners of life; we need that higher inspiration which raises the mind above low and selfish aims, and corrects the dangers of success; we need that power of intellect which teaches a loftier national morality, and shows us how to use our wealth as a means for attaining the highest purposes of our being. Energy, industry, and liberty may make a nation prosperous, but only intellect and morality can secure its prosperity, — only intellect and morality can make a nation great. "The true grandeur of humanity," says Sumner, "is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man."

The time has come when America must educate her people if she would secure her national prosperity and wealth. We must mellow the earnestness and strength of our character by the ripening influence of culture. "Culture without character is frivolous, vain, and weak; but character without culture is raw, blind, and dangerous." That sturdy character which has been our strength in the past may, for lack of intelligent control, become our weakness in the future. The danger of America is not from without, but from within. A country whose strength lies in the freedom and force of personal life must look well to the conduct of its citizens: it must trust the people; it cannot live and fear them. The common sense of the people of the United States is too strong for communism; but our society and government will have to bear a severe strain, so long as the people are the prey of demagogues. In the words of Webster, "On liberty and knowledge our American system rests." Only public intelligence can secure public virtue, and only public virtue can keep a nation free. "Corruption lays the corner-stone of tyranny."

The situation is more critical than we imagine. Our literature is so intensely optimistic, we are so accustomed to hearing of the great future which is in store for America, that we are inclined to take such a future for granted. But the wisest patriotism, like the truest friendship, should rather reprove than flatter. National greatness is secured, not by assertion, but by constant vigilance and energy. Blessings can be retained, not by him who passively enjoys, but only by him who improves them. The future of America depends upon the turn that is given to the democratic tendency. To control this tendency is the task of our educated class. It is the task of those who have obtained a better and nobler grasp of human affairs, — our teachers, clergymen, college graduates, — to offer high ideals for the nation to follow. The interests of this class are on trial. The fact that some educated men have brought the higher education into disfavor by an abuse of their powers should arouse the cultivated class to restore the public confidence by proving that the great majority of its members are unselfish, incorruptible, and patriotic.

This class may accomplish its work of purifying our national life in two ways. In the first place, it must make the contest with immorality personal. The educated man is, by virtue of his culture, a teacher and guide: he should be morally the best man of his age: the more intelligent he is, the greater will be his guilt if he yield to the corruption which ruins him. We should not spare him. It is charitable to be a bitter foe to sin and a gentle one to sinners, but we shall do very little practical good by lashing vice and dishonor in the abstract. On the other hand, if we are lenient to the evil-doer, we "sharpen the sneer at virtue," and foster distrust of the sincerity of all noble endeavor. But, in the second place, we must not be content with parrying the blows that the evil aims at us: we must thrust directly at the cause. The surest remedy for corruption is so to reform the conditions of public life that an evil career will be impossible. In a true republic, public opinion is all-powerful. The one thing needful is so to educate public opinion that its standard shall be high. Emerson says we shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. Better education will enlighten our national sense of conduct, until our conceptions of duty become broader, our aspirations higher, — until we are not only able to detect, but unwilling to tolerate, error and dishonor. We shall live in the inspiring atmosphere of high intellectual and moral ideas; we shall see that what is wrong for an individual is wrong for a state, and that freedom means, not freedom to do what we please, but freedom to do what is right; we shall realize that government is not an end, but a means, — the ultimate aim of all government being to make government superfluous.

There is a picture in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, which has been called the masterpiece of Couture, the painter. It is an allegorical representation of the last days of Rome. In the court of an old Roman temple, at group of men and women are carousing. Upon one side, a boy, in drunken sport, is pressing his cup to the marble lips of a statue. Upon the other, a group of Romans are departing, with careworn faces, from the scene. Above, old statues look down in stern rebuke upon the sensual faces of the revellers below. In the foreground of the picture, a rich vase, festooned with flowers, is painted with all the venetian wealth of splendor for which the artist is renowned; and through the columns of the temple are seen the fair hills and the blue sky of Italy. This allegory impresses more powerfully than history or song the moral of the decay of Rome. It teaches us that the prosperity of a land may be its ruin; that wealth, power, sovereignty, good fortune, — all these may give no lofty morality, but only a sunny pagan life of the senses of which Pompeii is the inevitable bourn; it teaches us that only in virtue of good guidance does the good fortune of a land prove really good, and that the heart of a great nation dies out of it when its people become ignorant, and its rulers selfish and corrupt.

Against popular ignorance and public corruption the scholars of America have to guard. "To right what is wrong, and improve the condition of human life, is the noblest work to which we can give our hearts in this world." Classmates, this work lies before us. Whatever may be our vocation, we cannot escape the duties which devolve upon us as educated men. Even though we are not called to positions of high honor and influence, we can all make ourselves felt. Ideas are the chief power in the progress of man. If we cannot decide issues, we may create them. In raising the level of public opinion, in stimulating an interest in the public welfare, in refining, elevating, and purifying all the conditions of life, — here lies our work. If we are servants of truth and honor and justice, so shall we help to cultivate a stronger sense of duty, a more manly tone of thought, a more ardent zeal to live good and noble lives. If we open the sense of beauty in men who live only to the useful, so shall we help to make society purer and better, and the life of all men of higher worth. If we take arms against ignorance and bigotry, against the arrogance of caste and the selfishness of capital, so shall we help to secure every man in his rights. We shall need courage even for this. The reformer of to-day fears not stake or gallows; he needs not the courage to die for his faith, but the courage to live up to it. We must never let self-interest tempt us to be false to our convictions. We must remember that our education is not ours to use as we please: it is a product of the labor of society, and we rob society if we do not improve the property which it has intrusted to our keeping. Selfishness in an educated man is a crime. If our American system fail to attain its highest possibilities, it will not be because it is mastered by ignorance, but because it is betrayed by intelligence. It will not be the fault of the people if, in their blind ignorance, they lose or destroy the liberties which they love; but rather will it be the fault of those who might have saved the people, — of those who, having light, did not let it shine before men.

But there is a tendency among our educated men to despair of improving our condition: they are sceptical of the success of our republican institutions, and are inclined to fix their affection upon other lands. This tendency is increased by the swift changes of our young life, which leave no stability to our homes and cities. Old landmarks are swept away without regret. Our life does not inspire patriotism. We say, America has no past. It is true, America lacks such a past as the countries of the Old World possess. America has no Tiber, whispering to the marbles of the Palatine, — no Rhine, lingering by castles of the Middle Ages. Our towns are not softened by the touch of time. We lack the rich, poetical perspective which romantic associations lend a land. But history is measured by action, not by hours. Our past has been brief, but it is hallowed by human heroism. If we do not find classic ground in America, the fault is in our own want of appreciation. But we have something better than mere historic charm. Let Germany and Spain and Italy live in the light of their enchanted past, let them linger and dream over the hushed music of their chivalry: they need all the inspiration of their heroic age. While the battlements of Europe are bristling with arms, the battlements of America are left for time to decorate. They are now our monuments: their only service is to link us with the past. We look for our inspiration not to the past alone. Our country is inspiring in its prospects: it is ennobling in its grandeur of domain. We have the elastic hope of a young nation that is sustained by an invigorating climate and a boundless horizon. Our skies are higher than those of the Old World: there is more room here for science and philosophy and religion to soar.

The American scholar need not, then, be intoxicated by the past of other lands. All that was best in that past is really his own, all that noble men have ever done was done for us.

> "The Present moves attended
> With all of brave and excellent and fair
> That made the old time splendid."

But our best inheritance is of the future, and not of the past. It seems as if a divine purpose had hidden the fair America behind the ocean, while human life in the Old World was kindling, flaming, and fading away; and, when the East could bear the burden of humanity no longer, lo! America awoke, a virgin continent, where mankind might begin the world anew. But there are no new continents to be revealed. Our Eldorados lie no longer in the West, but in the future. Upon the scholars of America rests the responsibility of securing that future; upon the scholars of America depends the success of this last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race. Union, liberty, power, prosperity, — these are our possessions to-day. To transmit these blessings is our duty to our children, our fathers, and our God. It is worth while to be true to such a trust. It is worth while to realize the rich possibilities which lie before us. What we do is done, not for a day, but for eternity. Our heirloom is the boundless time, which we may conquer as we will.

"My inheritance, how wide and fair!
Time is my fair seed-field, — of Time I'm heir."

Classmates, this future will soon be our own. Slowly steals over us the consciousness that our time has come. A few swift hours more, and our college life will all lie, a sunny picture, in the past. We go now to clasp hands for the last time under the old trees, to say farewell to Harvard and to each other. We leave our *alma mater* refulgent in the beauty of summer. Her lawns are lovely in the light of June, her old elms whisper a parting benediction as we pass. So fair is her face, that we would fain linger, and gaze and gaze again. But it will go with us through life, and grow fairer yet with time. Memory is the most skilful of artists: she paints sorrows in colors which fade fast; but joys she paints in colors which grow ever brighter as the years pass on. So shall we remember best this fair face which our *alma mater* turns toward us as we go; so shall we bear into our future all that was brightest in our past. Through the dull routine of our daily experience, we shall be refreshed by the memory of "the early days, the old friends, the tender ties, the sympathies and joys," which have made Harvard dear and sacred. For this bright background to our future, we thank our *alma mater* as we say farewell. We thank her, too, for her watchful care, her tender sympathy, her precious influences; and we bow reverently to receive her parting benison, as she speaks to us, like a queen of old to her youthful knights: "My sons, go forth, — be brave, loyal, and successful! I have armed you with knowledge, and written 'VERITAS' upon your shields!"

Mr. Bradley's oration was an able production, and was attentively listened to by the large audience. They little realized how happy they were not to have attended Class Day in 1802, when the faculty solemnly voted their displeasure at the introduction of an English exercise on Class Day; "which," they declare, "gives it more the appearance of a public exhibition designed to display the talents of the Performers, and entertain a mixed audience, than of a merely valedictory address of the Class to the Government, and taking leave of the Society and of one another, in which Adieu, Gentlemen and Ladies from abroad are not particularly interested." *Voted*, "that in future no performance but a Valedictory Oration in the Latin Language, except music adapted to the occasion, be permitted." At the class exercises of 1880 the Germania orchestra, led by Julius Eichler, furnished music from morning to near midnight (and one can conjecture what good old President Willard would have thought of the charming waltzes and redowas and polkas, as being "*adapted to the occasion*").

## IVY ORATION.

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

LET it be distinctly understood at the beginning that this oration has no connection with the botanical ivy, and is not a reference to the ideal ivy: you will find that vine twining about the oak in the cloister of this building, from eight till eleven. No, the plant we celebrate is sprung from the enthusiasm of two hundred and thirty-two young men, rooted in the associations of the past four years, and to leaf out hereafter with memories green, and only too shady. Our Ivy is the good-fellowship of the Class of '80.

In comparison with the six other classes which we have known in college, '80 is chiefly remarkable for not being particularly remarkable. She has not the athletic renown of '77, the brilliancy of '78, the numbers of '79; nor the modesty and harmony of '81, the finished indifference of '82, or the quiet respectability of '83. '80 is only an average class; and yet, by a singular paradox, our average is not eighty.

There was a time, however, when the rank-list had not yet cast a shadow on our path. The world seemed very bright on that day in September when we first assembled as freshmen — pardon me, gentlemen, this allusion to a previous condition of servitude. We had no enemies, no rivals, no equals. Yes, there was a Mordecai sitting in the king's gate, — '79. What though they did not haze us? They refrained with an air of virtue more offensive than any violence. As for their example, was it not '79 whose ingenious method of working algebra papers with known quantities instead of the regular $x$ and $y$ proved so insufficient?

But even '79 joined with us in a protest against the machine in politics and the college government. The professors had already fixed the primaries of Cambridge, and manipulated the Middlesex Conventions in a moral manner: it was left to the undergraduates to elevate the tone of a torchlight procession. "Principles, not men!" was their cry; and they let their lights shine, by the unit rule, for the candidate that could poll the most votes in College. I think it was Hayes.

The Harvard battalion was, from first to last, a protest against the dangerous tendencies of the times: it had no uniform to dazzle the eyes of the people, no discipline to suggest a military despotism; its transparencies were copied from the sarcastic editorials in the *Nation*. Never did there burn purer patriotism or smokier kerosene! We showed the refining influence of the scholar in politics, by hissing the supporters of a certain Massachusetts politician. He has since had two broader hints that he can never hope to be escorted to this platform by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Throughout the night the same love of order showed itself. The wastefulness of the Cambridge city government was rebuked by putting out all the lamps on the bridge, and some of the glass. Gas for a torchlight procession was a financial anachronism. The evening closed with a caucus of the freshmen and sophomore classes, of which the only record is a '79 hat still in the possession of a man of '80.

The history of Memorial Hall since our connection with it has been not unlike that of the French nation during the last hundred years. We found ourselves, on entering, delivered over to a Farmer-general, whose financial system consisted in furnishing the worst board that could be endured, for the highest price that men could be induced to pay. Those were the days when pie was tabooed as an Americanism; when each morning meal was a reminiscence of the day before, — roast mutton, a little underdone, for dinner, and fried roast mutton, very much overdone, for breakfast. About the middle of the freshman year there came a revolution. As in the case of Necker, the financial agent was dismissed, and a new cabinet succeeded in making the attractiveness of board inversely proportional to the square of the price. The present Directory is as dignified, as important, and as powerless as its prototype in 1795. The real power is in the hands of the Lord High Steward, a kind of First Consul, who rules despotically under the forms of a free government. It is the old policy of *panem et circenses* — bread, and visitors in the gallery.

Thus was the Ivy planted: our studies, our pleasures, and our daily associations all helped to make the ties of class friendship stronger. The two hundred and thirty branches spread each in its own direction, but they all owned a common stock. A few wandered apart from their fellows; some widened out into a broad culture; others, with an ambition perhaps not so wise, tried to outclimb each other: but, whatever our aims, we felt ourselves united by a bond which has not weakened, and can never be broken.

With the sophomore year we were ushered into a new world, — that of the societies. We soon learned that the Athenæum, unlike that peppery organization, the K. N., need never go outside itself to find subjects for debate; and that the Institute of 1770, supposed to be one of those founded by the Emperor Justinian, is passing into a rapid D. K. Then came the special societies, such as the Finance Club, which is chronically bankrupt; and the Philosophical Club, which is always wrangling about Repose. None awakened more enthusiasm than the Art Club, — patron of music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and that combination of all four arts — opera bouffe. Inspired by its discussions, we found in Cambridge a second Athens. Main Street and Broadway were the τὰ σκέλη, the Long Walls, leading down to the modern Peiræus, the 'Port. Wadsworth House was the Temple of the Wingless Victory. This building is the Erectheium, before me the Hall of Caryatides; and in the gallery of the dining-hall is our Pandroseion, our shrine of the daughters of men. And the Parthenon, — but that was too beautiful, and is too mournfully ruined, to find any comparison for it, even in jest. Next came societies of a little different kind: the A. D. Club, or Artful Dodgers; the aim of their existence is, how not to run for the Pudding: or the Porcellaneum Club, devoted entirely to the study of æsthetic dinner-sets and very Bohemian glass.

In our junior year, we found ourselves at last in the three senior societies: the Signet, an organization evidently designed to make an impression; he Piety Society, which must not be confused with the Christian Brethren;

and the Hasty Pudding Club, which still furnishes its nutritious diet to those who find Memorial desserts too rich.

Pleasant hours have been those spent in editing or disparaging the college papers. The *Crimson* is the champion of the REGISTER, a journal sometimes weak in its editorials and inaccurate in its sporting news, but admitted to have every Faculty at its command. The *Advocate* prefers the generous *Echo*, because it gives away programmes, gold medals, and itself. The *Echo* goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom it may devour; and the lion and the *Lampoon* do not lie down together.

A year has now passed since we first heard the simple and unpretentious name, Private Collegiate Instruction for Women. The plan was charming: it was to be the play of Harvard with the part of Harvard omitted. No Carl's, no prayers; no early breakfasts and no last cars; no rooms in Thayer, or want of room in the Pudding; no summons, no forensics, no class lives, no heart-disease — from smoking cigarettes. Each young lady was to be to herself proctor, bursar, dean, blue-book, and rising-bell. The seniors expected to make it a joint course in surveying, to walk with the strangers in pleasant paths of calculus and over the rough stones of ethics. They were to have all the advantages of co-education, with none of its responsibilities. Have these hopes been fulfilled? Who, except perhaps some of the younger instructors, knows

> "A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
> That clad her like an April daffodilly"?

No: like Betsy Prig, "we don't believe there's no such a person." The whole affair is An-exaggeration. The misapprehension is probably only a revival of the ancient Amazon myth, resulting from too close a study of the Greek classics, and too much credit given to Tennyson's "Princess."

The harmony between the authorities and the class has been most gratifying. '80 was the first junior class to whom voluntary recitations were granted, and came near the added distinction of being the last. As a further stimulus to hard study, a new system of Honorable Mention has brought a Commencement part within the reach of the humblest intellect; while the rumored payment of our diplomas thirty days after date, no grace, must have been intended to give the new degree of *cum grano salis*. The summer comes; but no *summa cum*. If you ask what return we have made for these favors, go look upon the front of that new building of which the roof is so doubtful a shade of Harvard crimson. There you will find inscribed, "1880." As for our behavior, it is a creditable fact that not one senior has received a college censure for absence from church during the whole year. We did our best to make room for a new building, by burning down one already standing. If the fire-department had been twenty minutes late instead of ten, and if their attention had not been called to the fact that they were playing into that entry of Stoughton which was not on fire, there need have been no more discussion about the proper site for Hastings Hall. The only blemish on our moral conduct has been the fate of that ancient temperance society, the Φ B K. I cannot trust myself to speak of the horrors of that initiation night; of the reeking bowls of lemonade that went around the board; of the bacchanalian songs which woke the peaceful neighborhood of Joy Street; of the officer, springing tiger-like upon his prey, without waiting for an introduction; of his billy flashing like the sun in Dante's line: —

> "And the rays thereof struck us in the middle of the nose."

Our later experience before the police-commissioners convinced us that moral suasion is not a serviceable weapon in dealing with the Boston police-force.

The muscular development of the class has kept pace with the intellectual, and would undoubtedly have gone beyond it if the Hemenway Gymnasium had been opened sooner. Other benefactors have given buildings, and endowed physical laboratories. It was reserved for a gentleman with the true spirit of '76 to give soundness to the lungs, firmness to the step, and the vigor of body which is essential to the best mental work. '80 has faithfully patronized the parallel bars, listened to the music of the spheres on the base-ball field, and helped to stock the Museum of Comparative Anatomy on the river. She furnished the man whose management and skill at Montreal showed that though Britannia rules the waves, she does not rule the foot-ball field; and him who to-day lays aside his oar, to take up a marshal's baton. '80 has never turned the cold shoulder to a friend, except at Hoboken; or fled before an enemy, except at New London. To the pluck and muscle and leadership of her sons she confidently looks to do their part on the Thames next Thursday; and she expects them to prove for the fourth time, that, in the bright lexicon of fame, there's no such word as YALE.

The senior year, though shorter than the other three together, has brought the final bloom of our college life, — perfect Harvard indifference. The freshman enters college full of enthusiasm: he has mighty thoughts; he writes verses for the college papers; he sings in chapel; he refuses to give up his room for Class Day; he suggests original renderings of the classics; he is reminded of a little story in class-meetings; when his instructor asks, "Gentlemen, why do you make so much noise?" he promptly replies, "Gentlemen don't." But the sunlight of his nature is gradually chilled by a moral east wind. When a moustache begins to flicker upon his upper lip, when his meerschaum is just assuming a Malay blush, the seeds of a deadly listlessness are already sown. The first effect is a disinclination to put his name on subscription papers, and that is why the sophomore class is chronically behind its quota. Then junior assemblies are a bore: the victim patronizes Vassar, and tolerates Smith; he reads Dante, quotes De Musset, and criticises the Ninth Symphony. The senior at last blossoms into unconsciousness of the world. Like the Bourbons, he learns nothing; unlike them, he forgets what he chooses; his æsthetic soul finds relief only in Wordsworth's poetry and Angèle; the sole aim of his life is to avoid bores and to settle on his future vocation.

> "One to the law, to healing maxims one
> Is going, and one followeth the priesthood;
> And one to rule, by force or sophistry,
> And one to rob, and one to State affairs.
> One, in the pleasures of the flesh involved,
> Will tire himself; one gives himself to ease."

Thus has the Ivy grown. Societies, friends, studies, surroundings, and sports have all united us into that feeling which makes this day ours. We have had a hearty enjoyment in our victories, and I trust have never envied the success of an honorable rival, whether man, crew, or college.

There are many once familiar in our class rejoicings whom we miss to-day. There are two whom we shall never see again in any earthly festivity, but they also have a part in that good-fellowship which our Ivy represents. The Ivy cannot die: it will never die. When "Finis" shall have been written after the last class life, when the College shall have grown so old that another '80 shall be celebrating its Class Day here, our Ivy must still spread wider and wider. Our course has been in vain if we are not leaving the spirit of the College a little higher than we found it; if the generation to follow does not find the world a little better for our having lived in it. This is the last day that we shall pass together. But wherever our lives, whenever the end, "Lord, keep our memory green!"

Mr. Hart's Ivy Oration was delivered in a clear and forcible manner, and many of his references created the expected merriment. It might be added that Mr. Hart attained the second place in rank in his class; and was one of those chosen to deliver the commencement parts. In College he was prominently identified with the *Harvard Advocate*, and was a member of the Φ B K, the Signet, the O.K., the Christian Brethren, and other societies. Throughout his course he has supported himself, chiefly by tutoring, and lately he has been assigned the best of the fellowships. In fact, his whole course can be taken as a pattern by those who wish to obtain the full advantages of Harvard.

Mr. Hanscom's poem, that is printed in full on the next page, speaks for itself. Although it contains 438 lines, it will be found interesting throughout. It is one of the best of the class poems, and is well worth reading. Mr. Hanscom was a frequent contributor to the *Crimson*, as well as to Boston and other papers.

All the parts were heartily applauded, and each speaker received from remembering friends several kind favors by way of bouquets and baskets of flowers.

## "FAIR HARVARD."

The exercises at Sanders closed by the seniors rising, and under the leadership of Frank Herbert Brackett singing the Class Ode. The tune, "Fair Harvard," to which the Class Ode is sung, is supposed by many persons to have been so used from "a time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But it takes only a few years in Cambridge to make recent events pass into traditions and precedents and antiquities. Perhaps to the incoming freshmen (1884), even Sanders Theatre will be venerable. Such is the case with this tune. As a college tune it dates to 1836, to the bi-centennial celebration of the founding of the College. It had been in popular use as one of Moore's songs for a quarter of a century, and was known by the words which he wrote to it, beginning, "Believe me if all these endearing young charms." Previously it was known as "My lodging is on the cold ground." The Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D. (1811), of Charleston, S.C., wrote for that celebration the ode beginning, "Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng." The beautiful words, happily combined with one of the loveliest melodies, have won for it a place which it will long hold as the best of college songs.

## CLASS POEM.

BY ARTHUR LEE HANSCOM.

CLASSMATES, once more, as the revolving year
Brings round the long days of the roseate June,
Fair Harvard meets her eldest children here
(While with the day their youthful hearts attune),
And bids them farewell, — not without a tear.
And shall her sons regard it as a boon,
From *alma mater's* vigil to be free,
To launch frail barque upon an unknown sea,

Rough with the storms of life, — its eddying whirls,
Its varying currents and uncertain winds,
However fair, when Youth elate unfurls
His white sail to the breeze? The shimmer blinds
His inexperienced eye, that sees but pearls
Along the way. Too soon, alas! he finds
The daylight gone, hears angry surges roar,
Unskilled to save his shallop from the shore.

This morn a voice, familiar to our ears, —
And always welcome, — for us upsends a prayer,
As daily it hath done in all the years
Together we have dwelt. In our welfare
That voice was ever heard, and it appears
More tender on our parting day, and there
Is sadness in its tones; but this we feel, —
Nothing but kindness can that voice reveal.

Our four years' race is o'er. Assembled here,
On this fair morn, when all to us seems fair,
What hosts of friends, radiant in smiles, appear,
To greet us at the goal! The summer air
Is tuneful with a hum, that strikes the ear
Melodiously. What strains with that compare?
Softer than Lydian lute, — Orphean shell, —
Sweet as the hopes that in our bosoms dwell.

And now around our *alma mater's* shrine
We're gathered, to breathe our last farewells
To her and to each other. Our tones combine
Desire for freedom with the ocean shell's
Plaint for its home beneath the billowy brine;
The coldest heart with deep emotion swells,
Leaving these sacred halls, these classic shades,
To join the world in its vain masquerades.

This is our festal-day, — we will not mar,
By useless fears, its harmony. Foreboding
Is not for ardent youth, whose morning star
Auspicious gleams. The world's corroding
Cares, its hatreds and its snares, are yet afar.
All baleful memories of the past exploding,
Let us review the college lustrum past,
And from our thoughts the uncertain future cast.

---

Since first was formed the wreath we break to-day,
Four years have rolled their waveless tide away;
On that fair tide, from boyhood's charmèd shore,
We sailed away, and can return no more.
How far the goal seemed when the race began!
In retrospection, ah! how brief the span!
How brief the days that in our lives divide
Boyhood's sweet diffidence from manhood's pride!
When *alma mater* took us to her heart,
We were but boys; and men we now depart
From her fair halls, her broad, embowering elms,
Her sacred walks, and ever-hallowed realms,
Where Science takes her votaries by the hand,
And opens vistas in an unknown land.

Sweet halcyon days that we have learned to prize,
As on the past we turn regretful eyes,
And view the wake our shallop leaves behind,
When skilful pilots catch the favoring wind!

Four times the golden oriole, that weaves
His pensile nest among the swaying leaves,
Has sung his advent and his farewell lays
In yonder elm, and danced upon its sprays;
And in that nest, by gentlest zephyrs swung,
The anxious parents watched their callow young,
Until the down was gathered on their breasts,
Their tender forms enwrapped in golden vests,
With wings full fledged, above the clouds to soar,
And they demand a parent's care no more.

And rosy Summer, too, has held her cup
To catch the treasures Spring had garnered up,
Adorned our Yard, festooned its sacred bowers
With June's rich foliage, her resplendent flowers.
The bobolink's sweet voice is never mute,
No softer notes breathed forth Athena's flute
Than he is warbling, all a June day long,
To nodding buttercups, that hear his song
Delighted; list his oft-repeated tale,
Whose burthen is, the lovely southern vale
From whence he came, whither he will return
After a northern summer's brief sojourn.
From golden cups he sips delicious draughts,
Eats the ripe strawberries, crystallized with dew,
At all the ills of life incessant laughs,
And never dreams of cypress-shades or yew.
How brief the meadow-warbler's life, — how sweet!
What matter if our lives were short and fleet,
Were they as full of joy, with ecstasy replete?

Four times has glorious Autumn, harvest-crowned,
Gathered her fruits, and scattered blessings round,
Enriched the smiling plain with golden sheaves,
Bedecked the forests with her crimson leaves,
Purple and yellow, — crests of gorgeous sheen.
Eclipsing Summer in her robe of green,
Embossed with flowers of variegated hue,
And form as varied, glittering o'er with dew,
Beneath a heaven of June's translucent blue.

Four times we've seen December's shivering trees,
Disrobed and desolate, — only a snowy frieze
Protects their naked limbs from winter's blasts,
That wave tall spires like myriad pitching masts
In ocean fleets upon a stormy sea,
From whose wild tumult sea-birds, frightened, flee.

Thus have we felt dread winter's howling might;
The wavering sunshine and the long, dark night
By turns have held us in their mystic spell
In ice-bound regions, where the elf-kings dwell,
Their crystal caverns, wondrous to behold,
Outvieing splendid palaces of gold.

With us cold winter was not dark and drear:
The warmth of friendship made life sunny here, —
On our smooth sea no billows reared their crests,
In safety there the halcyons built their nests.

Four golden years, our efflorescent prime,
Have passed away, and, hark! the farewell chime
Is ringing now, in eloquence and rhyme,
In Ivy chronicles, in Ode, and Song,
And melting music shall the hours prolong, —
Our last as classmates! Thus our festal-day,
In story, song, and dance, shall pass away.

All are not here who started in the race
That ends to-day. There is the vacant place
Of one[1] who, in his strength and vernal prime,
With youth's bright hopes and energy sublime,
Sank in the bosom of that crystal lake,
Whose waves in sight of bald Chocorua break.
And when our class-roll for the final year
In Harvard's halls was called, he came not here.
With anxious look, and sad, foreboding tone,
Betokening fears the heart would fain disown,
We asked the winds, "Where stays our brother yet?"
And heard an answer we shall ne'er forget.
These were our questions; and the sad reply
O'erwhelmed the heart with grief, with tears bedimmed the eye.

---

Why cometh not our classmate this fair morn
To welcome our return, as oft of yore,
To *alma mater* and her classic lore?
In Northland forests lingers he forlorn,
Or in the South, where first he saw the dawn,
'Mid groves of orange, and magnolias sweet,
Heedless of Time, with his soft foot and fleet,
Plucking life's rose, unmindful of its thorn?
List to the winds that from snow-mantled hills
Sweep o'er the waters, — "the Great Spirit's smile," —
Whispering, "Alas, he's dead!" From life's dread ills
Forever free, safe from all earthly guile,
Through boundless realms he still pursues the truth,
In all the strength and purity of youth.

---

Fresh in our memory is the day we laid
His manly form in Auburn's silent shade,
Where autumn leaves, full ripened and embrowned,
From chilling winds sheltered the new-made mound.
Alas, how desolate was all around!

Since then the snows of winter on that grave
Have drifted; then spring's sweet blossoms wave
Above his head; and now around his tomb
The asphodel and hyacinthus bloom.

Another feebler and more fragile form,[1]
Too frail to brave our chill Atlantic storm,
Sought, in a clime where endless summer reigns,
The balmy atmosphere that health regains,
Where the palmetto and the olive wave
Their leaves unbrageous, — expiring billows lave
The verdant shores where amaryllis bloom, —
In that fair land our classmate found a tomb.
For us the storms of life, cold winter's blast:
For them repose, unmindful of the past.
The leaves may rustle, and the winds may sweep
Over their graves, but nought disturbs their sleep;
Anxiety nor care shall them molest, —
Soft lie the sod upon a classmate's breast!

With muffled drum, and sad, dejected air,
And measured footsteps, to the tomb we bear
The honored dead, and lay them in the grave,
Where willows weep, and yew and cypress wave.
But when the dust wherein the dead are hid
Ceases to rattle on the coffin-lid,
We turn away, the solemn dirge is o'er,
And cheerful strains a buoyant heart restore.
So turn we now from sorrow o'er the dead
To greet the living, who on Harvard shed
Unfading lustre, and accord the bays,
The olive chaplets, and the meed of praise.

Year after year the Blue is growing pale,
And Crimson victor is an oft-told tale;
No other tale has Eighty ever heard,
Defeat we know not, — 'tis not Harvard's word.
When Harvard meets her rival on the Thames,
In all her prowess, arts, and stratagems, —
Despite the cannon ranged along the shore,
To hail her victor when the tug is o'er,
Despite the eager crowd that follows Yale,
The Crimson floats triumphant on the gale.
Pale are the lips that longed to cheer the Blue,
And sad the eyes that wear Minerva's hue;
While every Harvard damsel joyous trips,
And shows our color on her crimson lips,
Bestows on Harvard's crew the entrancing smile
Such as did once a hero's heart beguile
Away from empire, — dearer than wreaths of pine
That on the brows of Isthmian victors shine.

As dear our hearts will ever hold the Nine,
On wave or plain no deeds do theirs outshine.
On many hard-fought fields, with might and main,
They struggled long our honor to maintain,
And taught the Blue all artifice is vain.

These are our heroes; by their own strong arms
And manly courage have they won the palms;
Around their brows fresh garlands let us twine,
And hail the victors, — Harvard's Crew and Nine!

On the palæstra, many bold athletes
Have oft performed most daring, wondrous feats;
Displayed their strength, agility, and skill,
Sinews and thews, unconquerable will,
In many a bout, — in long-enduring mill.

Upon the green, the football, tossed in air,
Is lost and won before the admiring fair,
Who were not seen at Sanders', Pudding-Day,
Preferring sports on Jarvis Field — in May;
With nimble fingers on the programme keep
The time, the distance, of each race and leap;
Note well the deeds and bearing of each knight,
On memory's tablets his endeavors write,
Their interest in athletics ne'er disown, —
For hearts as well as wrestlers are o'erthrown.

Oh, how these fair ones flout the midnight grind!
Of "sweetest nut" his choice is "sourest rind,"
And he who digs four tiresome years for marks
Ranks low indeed upon their list of "Sparks;"

[1] Hicky Hunt Morgan, of New Orleans, La., drowned in Lake Winnipiseogee in the summer vacation of 1879, and buried at Mount Auburn the following November.

[1] Clifford Gardner, of Boston, died in Florida in the autumn of 1879.

On him fair damsels cast a sidelong glance,
He is "conditioned" in the mazy dance,
Like two straight lines, they ne'er together meet,
A maiden's heart's a labyrinth complete.
Skilful indeed is he who enters there,
And the way out requires a skill more rare.
In vain the grind tries algebraic rules
To solve the problem: the most learned schools
Furnish no formula that can impart
The lines that intersect a maiden's heart;
But the grind's chance to enter is so slim,
How to get out, — why need that trouble him?

In ancient Rome, Triumph was not allowed
Victor in civil strife, though vain, and proud
Of his achievements. Romans were too wise
To grant this honor, accord the highest prize, —
Raise the broad arch, — lend the triumphal car,
To him who conquered in intestine war.

So in our strifes, no record shall be made
Of the victorious, — no long parade
Before the vanquished. The conqueror's prize
Is the light beaming in a sweetheart's eyes.

And from that other Harvard called Annex,
Which means a Harvard for the gentler sex,
Why are we separate? Since Adam, it is clear,
Closer and closer we've been drawing near.
Until, alike in ulster and felt hat,
Collar and cuffs, white front, and this and that,
Without lorgnette 'tis difficult to tell
A swinging spinster from a Harvard swell.

Annex! Annex! Who gave that name austere?
Never a woman! On her chastened ear
Should never fall such sound her soul to vex,
A word so inharmonious as Annex.
Her ear delights in the sweet song of birds,
In strains Æolian, and the tenderest words,
Breathed, 'neath the mantle of a summer night,
In tones as noiseless as the owlet's flight,
Soft as the whisperings of aspen leaves,
When dusky twilight for the sunshine grieves,
When dewy tears are gathering on the rose,
And all her fragrance, all her wealth disclose.

O men! O men! what now is woman's sphere,
"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer"?
Thus said Iago. Woman-haters all,
Have ye imbibed his rancor and his gall,
And still desire to hold her but a thrall?
Higher was woman's sphere in Eastern climes,
And ancient days. Even in pagan times
The fair Corinna struggled for the prize
'Gainst lofty Pindar; and a nation's eyes
Five times beheld her victor. With the names
Of winners in the famed Olympic games
Is writ "Conisca." Sparta's diadem
Derived new lustre from that princely gem.

To-day the sceptre of a realm so vast,
Wholly in shadow it is never cast,
Whose subjects speak our own sweet mother-tongue,
The land where Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton sung,
Where bravely stood, on hallowed Runnymede,
Our stalwart sires, with freedom for a creed, —
Is swayed by woman! What an endless tale,
From Queen Zenobia to the Nightingale,
Is woman's worth! Wherever virtue's found,
Wherever deeds of charity abound,
Where man sinks down in sorrow and despair,
Her soothing voice is heard, her gentle hand is there.
No voice of ours shall e'er at woman rave,
"Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."
We welcome her to Harvard's fair retreat, —
Henceforth may Wisdom and the Graces meet!
We welcome her to Harvard's ancient halls,
To mystic science that the soul enthralls;
We welcome her to Harvard's beauteous bowers,
Where we have spent so many happy hours;
We welcome her to Harvard's classic shade, —
May woman's influence all these paths pervade,
Despite the doubter's and the cynic's frown,
Broadening and deepening Harvard's fair renown!

How changed the scene 'twixt these and former days!
No longer freshmen dread the barbarous haze,
But carry canes, and wear the tallest hats;
And when a freshman with his senior chats,
He need not stand uncovered all the while, —
His manners now are quite of modern style,
Full of conceit and boldness, that need a year,
And sometimes more, before they disappear.

In the last boat-race, on our winding Charles,
"Eighty" unravelled centuries of snarls.
Along the line four classes took their stand,
Four shells shot forward at a waving hand;
Eagerly pressing for their destined home,
They flew along the circumambient foam,
The freshmen first, and next the sophomores,
Pulling and tugging at the ashen oars,
And then the juniors, in this novel race,
Bending and straining, found their proper place.
The seniors, wise and grave, brought up the rear,
And thus we made a revolution here.

Ah! I forgot — how could I thus forget
The fairest gem in Harvard's coronet?
Forgive me, classmates, what a fault were mine!
Make no obeisance at Euterpe's shrine?
Sooner the lark might fail to greet the dawn,
Or stars to hide at the approach of morn,
Than we forget, with farewell word, to pay
Our homage to the Glee-Club, and convey
To them the hope, their lives, however long,
May be as blithe, as happy, as their song.

Such is our history, — told in prosy rhyme,
For prose befits the tenor of our time.
To-day, with trembling hand, I touch the lute:
No sound responds, — its harmony is mute;
I strike the lyre, — its chords sends forth no tone,
And wondering, ask, Is not the fault my own?
Has Science loosened every golden string,
And with her advent did the Muse take wing?

Not so in days when Poesy was young,
When first the lute and cithæra were strung;
Ere yet, with rosy fingers, Eos bright
From Memnon's fane withdrew the veil of Night,
While on the statue Helios' earliest rays
Fell, as the sunbeam on the mountain plays,
And woke the dulcet chords, that else were mute,
To sounds melodious as Ismenius' lute.
Then Orpheus, armed with his "golden shell,"
Sought his Eurydice in Pluto's hell:
On Hades' realms sweet strains of music burst,
Stayed Ixion's wheel and Tantalus' dread thirst,
Softened Persephone's malignant heart,
Displayed the charm, the magic power of art.
And then, emerging from their secret caves,
Fair naiads sported on the crystal waves
In robes of purple, dazzling to behold,
Their eyes of azure, and their tresses gold, —
Deep-bosomed nymphs, of lithe and fragile form,
Whose icy breasts no mortal passions warm;
Their hearts untouched by shafts from Cupid's bow,
Deriding damsels by his strokes laid low,
Until their eyes on beauteous Hylas fell,
Then first with love their virgin bosoms swell.
With artful wiles they lure him 'neath the wave,
And bear a lover to their coral cave.
Securely fettered in love's silken chain,
His foot no more shall touch the sunlit plain.
The Argo's crew may labor at the oar,
And Colchian realms for Golden Fleece explore, —
His treasure found, he roams the world no more.

And Eighty's history now must fade away
Into the past. Our class has had its day:
Another presses on, and will not brook delay.

But still we linger. Hard it is to stay
The song that rises in our hearts to-day:
A moment's patience, ere the curtain fall,
I wake once more the echoes of this hall,
One timid glance along the future cast,
Essay one farewell note, — it is the last.

When the great captain of the modern world,
His battles o'er, his flags forever furled,
Was chained, Prometheus-like, to that lone rock,
Where nought was heard but ocean's sullen mock,
Nought but the swelling ocean's broad expanse
To meet the conquered conqueror's eagle glance,
"It might have been," — the vulture at his breast, —
Denied the rock-bound captive peace or rest.
In his delirium, ere that spirit fled
To join his comrades, then the mighty dead,
He conjures up the scenes that intervene
Those dismal hours and boyhood's days between.
Bells of Brienne once more salute his ear, —
Their tones were never sweeter or more clear;
Among the Pyramids he stands, alone
In thought and purpose, with him there was none
To share the boundless cravings of a soul
No less than world-wide empire could control;
His dying eye the field of battle scanned,
One last campaign exhausted genius planned;
Once more he saw the sun's effulgent beam
Light up the field with Austerlitz' bright gleam,
And, struggling in the icy arms of death,
Gasped, "*Tête d'armée!*" with his expiring breath.

And so may we, my classmates, — when this life
Is drawing to its close; when toil and strife
Are ended; when the laurel and the bay,
Withered and worthless, have been cast away,
As ripened leaves by autumn winds are strown,
And we, like naked trees, are reft and lone;
When we have scaled ambition's dizzy height,
And found how bald and barren, in the light
Of occupation, is the mountain crest
Where we had sought for happiness and rest, —
Revisit, then, this loved, this hallowed spot,
In dust and turmoil long obscured, forgot;
In dreams live o'er again our Harvard days,
Recall these scenes, undimmed by time or haze;
Sit in the shadow of yon towering elm,
Where have been partings that the soul o'erwhelm;
Enter once more this hall, welcome the cheer
That greets us from the auditorium here, —
Then gently pass away to endless rest,
Classmates forever — in the Islands of the Blest.

## CLASS SONG.

BY JAMES LANE PENNYPACKER.

I.

The voyage, classmates, has been made;
Our ship draws near the shore;
To say farewell before we land
We've gathered here once more.
We gaze behind upon the waves,
Half sad the journey's o'er;
Half trembling through the mists we scan
The rugged coast before.

2.

There have been days of glory, when
The wind blew fresh and strong;
There have been dreary calms, that made
The way seem hard and long;
Upon our hearts these memories
With mingled feelings throng:
The joy, the pain, the fear, the hope,
We utter in our song.

3.

In manhood's land full many roads
To honor's goal we see:
Through mountain-pass and desert waste
We'll struggle earnestly.
And at each onward step we gain,
A song a prayer shall be
For Eighty, dear old ship, that brought
Us safely o'er the sea.

## CLASS ODE.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE PELLEW.

I.

When Calypso was bidden by Zeus to set free
Ulysses of old from her isle,
The goddess herself built his boat by the sea,
And speeded his voyage with her smile.
For seven long years had he there been at rest,
But his destiny beckoned him on,
Through perils unknown, to Penelope's breast,
To the peace that by labor is won.

II.

Thus, Harvard, four years have we dwelt with thee here
In thy elm-shaded island divine;
But the word has gone forth, and, with hoping and fear,
We depart from these safe arms of thine.
Thou hast helped us to build the stout boat and strong oar,
Safe to bear us life's dangers among;
And, a goddess, thou standest to bless from the shore,
Ever fresh, ever fair, ever young.

## THE SPREADS.

After the exercises at Sanders, the invited guests partook of the various "spreads," which were of two kinds, "general" and "private." Of the chief general spreads, that is, those given by societies, the Pi Eta Society had by far the best. It had the best decorated rooms, and perhaps the most comfortable arrangements. For several years this society has occupied the entire Massachusetts Hall; and this year both floors were at almost all hours filled with a pleasure-seeking throng; on the upper floor being an excellent spread, while the lower floor — the College reading-room — was used for dancing from one to eleven P.M. Nearly 1,000 persons were entertained by the Π H. The committee in charge were William Wallace Gooch, George Reed Kelley, Charles Stevenson Davis, and Silas Merrick Whitcomb.

The Hasty Pudding Club entertained about 1,100 persons in a white canvas tent 100 by 55 feet, which had been put up in rear of "Society building," originally a barn in which Louis Agassiz began the collections that now form the great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. The spread was well managed by the committee, Charles Ware and William Alexander Gaston, who paid but little attention to display, and gave their whole thought to the comfort of the guests.

The Signet Society received its friends at the north entry of Thayer Hall; the whole of this part of the building being used by the society. The guests, numbering about 600, partook of very enjoyable spreads served in the different rooms. The committee in charge were John Doane, Albert Bushnell Hart, and Arthur Perry.

The chief private spread was that given in the new "Hemenway Gymnasium." In fact, it probably surpassed any private spread ever attempted at Harvard. By reason of the persons who gave it being members of the Porcellian Club, it was generally called the "Porcellian Spread;" but it was a personal affair of seven seniors: Theodore Roosevelt, Howard Townsend, Henry Russell Shaw, Richard Middlecott Saltonstall, Ralph Nicholson Ellis, Christopher Minot Weld, and Henry Bainbridge Chapin. About 2,500 invitations had been sent out, many to most distinguished and most fashionable people throughout this country. Over 1,100 persons were present, and enjoyed a sumptuous spread, in a gymnasium which, when nude of special decorations, is a place quite pleasing to the eye, but which decorated as it was with plants, flowers, banners, and shields, gave to the whole a magnificent effect. On the east side were the tables with their viands, the centre was used for dancing, and the east side was provided with chairs and settees for the guests; and the gallery which surrounds the centre of the gymnasium was filled with those, who, not wishing or not knowing how to dance, enjoyed the pleasing spectacle below. The whole was patly termed Dr. Sargent's grand transformation scene; the contrast being made between the usual half-naked frequenters of the gymnasium in its unadorned state and the richly dressed guests in the midst of profuse decorations.

Among the many other private spreads worthy of notice were those of Herbert Porter Bissell and George Minot Butler, who had a fine collation in Weld Hall. William Shankland Andrews and Howard Townsend; Gerard Bement; Frederic Gardiner and Arthur Henry Lea; George Passarow Messervy and Fletcher Stephen Hines: all in Weld Hall, the south entry of which was decorated with festoons of ivy, Chinese lanterns, and bouquets, while the reception-rooms were elegantly adorned with flowers. William Houston Talbott; Van Der Lynn Stow and Fairfax Henry Wheelan; William Alexander Gaston and Arthur Hale; Mitchell Harrison; and Robert Roberts Bishop and Lawrence Henry Hitch Johnson: all having spreads and receptions in Holworthy Hall. Frederic Allison Tupper and Frank Faden Dodge, in Stoughton Hall. William George Taylor; William Francis O'Callaghan: in Hollis Hall. Frank Colhoon Huidekoper, in the Belvidere House on Garden Street; Franklin Davis White, in Matthews Hall.

At three o'clock P.M. dancing began in Memorial Hall, and continued until five P.M., — the hour assigned for those who were to see the exercises around the "Class Tree" to take the seats reserved for them. At 5.15 the seniors meet for the third time on this day in front of Holworthy, march around the Quadrangle, and cheer, with all the exuberance of youth, each and every one of the college buildings. Then the usual exercises at the tree take place.

## CLASS-TREE EXERCISES.

Around the old Class Elm, in the square formed by Holden Chapel, Hollis and Harvard Halls, and the fence on Harvard Square, tiers of seats in circus style were built. Shortly after five o'clock all of the thousand seats were occupied, chiefly by ladies, dressed in light and beautiful costumes, giving to the whole an appearance of a gay parterre. Then enter at the gate between Hollis and Holden the juniors 1881), who seat themselves on the ground within the circle. Next come the sophomores (1882), followed by the freshmen (1883). After these have taken their places, a group of graduates, mainly from the recent classes, file in, and seat themselves on the ground, facing the juniors.

Suddenly the rustling of fans, the low hum of conversation, is no longer heard. The music of the band and the cheering of the buildings announce by the increasing loudness that the seniors are approaching. As they enter, not in their full-dress suits as regulations of Class Day require, but in the oldest clothes they own, the juniors, sophomores, freshmen, and graduates rise, and, in turn, greet them with a hearty "'rah! 'rah! 'rah!" each class attempting to excel in volume of tone and perfection of time. Then '80 returns the compliment to '81, '82, '83, and the graduates; and then cheer, with their utmost zeal and power, almost every object of college affection, beginning with "President Eliot," and closing with "the ladies." When the class have exhausted their voices, they sing, as well as can be expected under the circumstances, the Class Song printed above, set to music composed by Frank Herbert Brackett. It is to be regretted that a song so good — one of the best, as regards both words and music, written for years — should have been so feebly sung; and, if it is not a custom so firmly established by precedent as to be unassailable, the Class Song in future should be sung before the cheers are given. The song over, hands are joined, each class forming a living chain, of which every link is resolved not to prove the weakest part. Now the word is given: round and round they go; the whirl grows furious, maddening. Fond parents looking from their seats tremble for the safety of sons who may chance to fall and be trampled by that writhing, seething mass, and sigh with relief when they see the rings broken, and attention drawn to the seniors alone, as they, at a given signal from the marshal, strive to grasp a blossom from the bouquets forming the wreaths which at a height of ten feet encircle the dear old tree. "Pushed against the tree beyond hope of release, those who were foremost served as stepping-stones for the others. Up struggled an adventurous youth upon the heaving shoulders: he grasped at the tantalizing blossoms, and some of them came away with his touch, but he left the cuticle of his knuckles behind. Nor did he make off with his prize; for he took a plunge backward among those beneath him, lost his grasp upon his trophy, and it was borne away to deck the dress of some one other than she for whom he intended it. Another and another followed his example, some to meet with his fate, others to be more fortunate. More eager grew the struggle as the girdle was broken and torn away." The last flower is gone: there is nothing more to be striven for; and so, the most pleasant and unique rite of Class Day over, the seniors pass out to prepare for the softer and perhaps more entrancing pleasures of the evening.

## THE "TEAS" AND THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

After the exercises at the tree, the guests enjoy the evening repasts called "teas." The chief of these this year, as for several years past, was at Mrs. Harriet Morgan's, on the corner of Mount-Auburn and Story Streets. Over the large front yard was a canopy, beneath which had been arranged tables and camp-chairs for the accommodation of several hundred persons. Under the border of the canopy, in harmonious arrangement, were plants and flowers in pots. At six o'clock the party began to gather there, and soon the streets on both sides were blockaded with carriages, which kept going and coming until after nine o'clock. About 2,500 invitations had been sent out: 800 had been accepted, and upwards of 700 persons were present. The tea was given by Robert Bacon, William Hooper, William Tilden Blodgett, George Griswold, George Gorham Peters, Richard Trim-

ble, Charles Morgan, and Andrew Miller. A large tea was also given by Charles Ware and William Alexander, Gaston, on the lower floor of Holden Chapel, — probably the first time the building had been used for such a purpose since it was built in 1744. The room was tastefully decorated, the old columns being adorned with evergreens, while on the floors and tables were an abundance of flowers. There was another large tea in the south entry of Matthews Hall, given by William Henry Alley, Amos Franklin Breed, jun., and John Woodbury, all of Lynn. Other teas were as follows: Harold North Fowler, at 20 Holyoke Street; James Lewis Lester, at 13 Divinity Hall; George Murdock Perry, in Gray's Hall.

The President's House, which is rapidly gaining the enviable record of the Old Presidents' or Wadsworth House, — a record of entertaining in a most hospitable manner an unlimited number of distinguished persons, — was again the scene of a festive throng. President and Mrs. Eliot received the seniors and their friends from seven to nine o'clock P.M. In the dining-room was served a light meal, to which the guests passed after being warmly greeted by the host and hostess. Here, even a careless observer might have noticed one eminent trait in President Eliot, — his faculty of calling by name the long line of students and persons whom he had ever met, and also his great ability in speaking to his callers directly on those topics uppermost in their minds. The porches attached during the year to both ends of the house were put to good service in providing additional accommodations for the guests; and several members of the faculty aided the President in making the reception enjoyable.

## DANCING.

Not many years ago on Class Day the dancing was carried on chiefly in the open air, on the "Green," — the turf in front of Holworthy. The "German" at that time was not known; and the square dances then in fashion were a pretty sight to behold. Harvard Hall, in 1841, was altered by the removal of the Library, and the making of a large hall on the lower floor, which was promptly utilized for waltzes and polkas; and every year thereafter the dances became fewer on green, and the crowd in the hall grew greater.

This year only a few couples danced on the green, while hundreds were dancing in Memorial Hall from three to five P.M., and in the Memorial Hall and Gymnasium from eight to eleven P.M. as guests of the class; in the Gymnasium from two to five, as the guests of the so-called "Porcellian Spreaders;" from one to eleven P.M. on the lower floor in old Massachusetts Hall, as the guests of the Pi Eta Society; and in Holden Chapel from five to ten P.M., as the guests of Charles Ware and William Alexander Gaston. The Gymnasium proved to be of efficient service as a relief for Memorial Hall, which in the past few years has been overcrowded. It also proved to be the best place for dancing, as Dr. D. A. Sargent, the director, had diligently enforced the rules that no shoes should be worn by persons exercising, and therefore the boards, which had been planed smooth when first laid, had only been improved by the tramping of the smooth soles of slippers; so that, when the floor was waxed, the surface was in the best possible condition to dance upon.

## THE GYMNASIUM AND SEVER HALL.

Another variation in Class-Day pleasures was the opportunity afforded of inspecting Sever Hall, the new building for recitations and lectures, and which, for its purpose, is one of the best-constructed buildings in the world. From five to six P.M. the interior of the Gymnasium underwent a transformation; every thing but flowers and wall-decorations having been removed, so that from six to eight P.M. the building in its normal condition might be open for inspection, — an opportunity that was availed of by about 300 persons who had obtained tickets. This evening it was for the first time fully lighted by means of its 250 gas-jets, 200 of which are in the main chandelier. Fully 2,500 persons this day saw the grandest Gymnasium in this country. In the evening lanterns and lights added to the picturesqueness of the exterior.

## ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS.

In the evening, from 7.30 to 11.30, the Quadrangle presented the appearance of a carnival. Overhead were upwards of 3,000 Chinese and Japanese lanterns, of all colors, in varied shapes, bearing the colors and coats-of-arms of the College, the class of 1880, and the College societies. One lantern, having on opposite sides the flags of the United States and Japan, was used at the reception of Gen. Grant in the latter country. Besides many minor pieces, the chief feature of the pyrotechnic display was the coat-of-arms of the College, with the figures "1880" in blue; a salvo of shells mutated to a crimson circle containing the College "'rah!" then a bouquet of shells, followed by a second "'rah!" a second bouquet, succeeded by a third "'rah!" a change to a revolving polka halo, ending with a sunburst of sixty reports.

## THE CLASS OFFICERS, COMMITTEE, AND USHERS.

There has been but one opinion of the management of the "Class Day of '80." It was the most successful of any that has yet been attempted. To the officers, marshals, committee, and ushers, together with the united effort of every member of the class, this success is due. The officers were: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Orator | Charles Wesley Bradley of Cambridge. |
| Poet | Arthur Lee Hanscom of New York, N.Y. |
| Ivy Orator | Albert Bushnell Hart of Cleveland, O. |
| Odist | William George Pellew of New York, N.Y. |
| Chorister | Frank Herbert Brackett of Jamaica Plain. |
| Secretary | Frederic Almy of New Bedford. |
| Class Committee | Howard Townsend of Albany, N.Y.<br>Eugene Fuller of Cambridge.<br>Frederick Hobbs Allen of Boston. |
| Class-Day Committee | John Woodbury of Lynn.<br>Theodore Roosevelt of New York, N.Y.<br>Albert Barnes Weimer of Philadelphia, Penn. |
| Marshals | I. Robert Bacon of Boston.<br>II. Charles Ware of Roxbury.<br>III. Richard Trimble of New York, N.Y. |

The Class-Day Committee had the direct control of the exercises. They also appointed the ushers, who gallantly officiated at Sanders Theatre, the Gymnasium, Memorial Hall, and the Class Tree. The ushers were, as is the custom, chosen from the junior class, and their names are as follows: —

| | |
|---|---|
| George Albert Burdett (chief) | of Brookline. |
| Curtis Guild, jun. | of Boston. |
| Lawrence Godkin | of New York, N.Y. |
| George Frederick Morse | of Clinton. |
| Frederic Blake Holder | of Boston. |
| Charles Robert Sanger | of Cambridge. |
| Dudley Bowditch Fay | of Boston. |
| John Wallace Suter | of Boston. |
| Gardiner Martin Lane | of Cambridge. |
| Charles Allerton Coolidge | of Boston. |
| Frederick Otis Barton | of Cambridge. |
| Harry Ward Chase | of Haverhill. |
| Howard Agnew | of Columbia, S.C. |
| John Carew Rolfe | of Cambridge. |
| Arthur Wellington Roberts | of Cambridgeport. |
| Samuel Hopkins Spalding | of Wilton, N.H. |
| William Howard Folsom | of Exeter, N.H. |
| Harry Ellison Seaver | of Charlestown. |
| Merle St. Croix Wright | of Boston. |
| John Cummings Munro | of Lexington. |

There were many distinguished persons present, but one little group attracted the greatest attention. It was Ko Kun-Hua, the Chinese instructor, with his wife — one of the few Chinese ladies in this country — and their five children.

About eleven o'clock P.M. the gay assembly begin to leave Harvard Square; the decorations are being taken down; the spreads are all removed; and by midnight the vehicles and crowds have departed, leaving but little to suggest that the festivities just closing were among the happiest that have ever taken place at Fair Harvard.

## COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Once more the alumni of Harvard meet to exchange congratulations; and this time under the most favorable auspices. The day is pleasant, and the year just past has been one of great prosperity for their *alma mater*. The alumni are not so numerous as at some recent Commencement Days; but there are many present from distant places,—several who have been away from Cambridge for a long series of years, without having seen it since graduation. And these persons always do much toward making the day unusually interesting.

The oldest graduate present is Jairus Lincoln (1814), who lives at Northboro'; David Wood is his only surviving classmate. Mr. Lincoln married a daughter of Professor Henry Ware (1805). In conversation he says his college expenses for four years were $1,100. After graduating he visited Europe. For twenty years he was a teacher in the Franklin School, Boston, and is now, at the age of 86 years, engaged in gardening. He expressed much interest in every thing he saw, made many inquiries in regard to the buildings erected within the past few years. As he was quite a musician, and was engaged to Professor Ware's daughter while a student, his reminiscences of college life are very interesting. He came alone from his home, whence he returned in the afternoon, after he had walked about the grounds for several hours.

A radical and beneficial change was successfully inaugurated this year. The authorities took no step to suppress the use of liquors; yet a host of thoughtful alumni, through their Association, so greatly diminished the use of liquors, that, when the exercises of the day were over, hardly a person was to be seen leaving the Quadrangle at all under the influence of liquor. Some members of the later classes, and several persons never connected with the College, did imbibe sufficient to make themselves somewhat more hilarious than extreme decorous behavior would permit; but, on the whole, this Commencement Day was one of the most orderly that has been seen for several years. The traditional punch was almost omnipresent; but it was of a kind that does "exhilarate but not intoxicate," and lemonade was abundant; while strong drink was nowhere publicly displayed. And, if any graduate has heretofore kept aloof from meeting at Commencement his classmates and instructors, so as to avoid seeing some of them, perchance, in their enthusiasm, lose control of their sense of respectability, he can assure himself that his fear henceforth will be unnecessary. It was not many years ago when intoxicating liquors disappeared from the exercises on Class Day; and it is now a pleasure to see the excessive use of them at Commencement becoming only traditional.

There was another change, which perhaps is not heartily to be approved of, especially as it was undertaken at a time when an experiment of a somewhat similar nature was making. Reference is made to the absence of a band of music to lead the procession, and to furnish in the intervals between the speeches at the dinner an enlivening interlude. Some find stimulus in drinking liquor, others in listening to music; and, while there can be urged a detrimental effect of the former, none but the heartiest approval can be given to the latter. Until a good substitute for music can be found, it surely ought not to be dispensed with, even though its money cost is great. It matters but little whether the music is vocal or instrumental; and in fact, although the latter would be better for the outdoor exercises, the former is perhaps best for the dinner at Memorial Hall. It is generally understood, that, in place of a brass band, our own Harvard Glee Club is to furnish the music next year; and no doubt it will be the most acceptable, as well as the most novel, that could be provided. Had sufficient time been given for preparation, the Glee Club would probably have sung its popular college songs at the dinner this year.

The various classes met as usual in the College buildings; some attended the exercises at Sanders; others called upon acquaintances in Cambridge, or visited the new buildings. At the appointed time upwards of one thousand marched to the Memorial-Hall dinner, a full report of which is given below.

## THE CORPORATION MEETING.

A meeting of the President and Fellows was held at eight A.M. in the office in Memorial Hall, and the usual votes conferring degrees were passed.

## THE BOARD OF OVERSEERS.

The Board of Overseers met at nine A.M. at the office in Memorial Hall. E. Rockwood Hoar, president, and the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, secretary. The Board concurred with the President and Fellows in

ELECTING:

Crawford Howell Toy, D.D., Hancock professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages, and Dexter lecturer on biblical literature.

Frederic DeForest Allen, Ph.D., professor of classical philology.

Charles Rockwell Lanman, Ph.D., professor of Sanscrit

APPOINTING:

Henry Howland, Ph.D., LL.B., instructor in torts.

Charles Richard Ware, A.B., and Thomas Sergeant Perry, A.M., instructors in English.

Henry Grosvenor Carey, instructor in vocal music.

Howard Malcom Ticknor, A.M., instructor in elocution.

Isaac Theodore Hoague, A.B., LL.B., instructor in the constitutional history of the United States.

Edward Laurens Mark, Ph.D., instructor in zoölogy.

James Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D., instructor in political economy.

Giorgio Analecto Corrado Bendelari, A.B., instructor in modern languages.

Harry Blake Hodges, instructor in German.

George Riddle, A.B., instructor in elocution.

Joseph Henry Allen, A.M., lecturer on ecclesiastical history.

All the above named for the ensuing academic year.

RE-APPOINTING AS CLINICAL INSTRUCTORS FOR THE YEAR 1880–81:

Francis Boott, Greenough, A.M., M.D., in syphilis.

Samuel Gilbert Webber, A.B., M.D., in diseases of the nervous system.

Edward Wigglesworth, A.M., M.D., in syphilis.

Clarence John Blake, M.D., in otology.

John Orne Green, A.M., M.D., in otology.

James Jackson Putnam, A.B., M.D., in diseases of the nervous system.

Joseph Pearson Oliver, M.D., in diseases of children.

Thomas Morgan Rotch, A.B., M.D., in diseases of children.

Amos Lawrence Mason, A.B., M.D., in auscultation and percussion.

Frederick Cheever Shattuck, M.D., in auscultation and percussion.

Charles Follen Folsom, M.D., lecturer on mental diseases, and Frank Winthrop Draper, M.D., lecturer on forensic medicine.

Thomas Dwight, M.D., instructor in topographical anatomy, from Sept. 1, 1880.

Charles Albert Brackett, D.M.D., assistant professor of dental therapeutics, for five years from Sept. 1, 1880.

Franklin Haven Sargent, instructor in elocution for the ensuing academic year.

CONFERRING DEGREES IN AND OUT OF COURSE, AND HONORARY DEGREES:

The election of John Trowbridge, S.D., professor of physics, was referred to Messrs. Cabot, Wyman, and Seaver.

## THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI.

The Association of the Alumni held its annual meeting in Harvard Hall at one P.M. The president, James C. Carter, occupied the chair; Dr. Samuel A. Green was secretary. A committee consisting of Godfrey Morse, Henry Lee, and A. G. Browne, was appointed, and reported the following list of officers, who were subsequently elected: President, James C. Carter, (re-elected); vice-presidents, George F. Hoar, Phillips Brooks, Henry Lee, Joseph H. Choate, Francis J. Child, Manning F. Force, Henry J. Bigelow, William C. Endicott, Nathaniel H. Morison, Horace H. Furness; directors, Theodore Lyman, Henry S. Russell, Charles Eliot Norton, Franklin Bartlett, Arthur Lincoln, William B. Storer, Oliver W. Holmes, jun.; treasurer, Samuel L. Thorndike; secretary, Samuel A. Green (a position he has held for twelve consecutive years). Amos A. Lawrence reported that the class-fund now amounts to $9,911. There were some doubts expressed as to the advisability of dispensing with music for the exercises of Commencement Day. On motion of Henry Lee it was voted, without a dissenting voice, that the corporation be asked hereafter to adhere to the custom heretofore observed in engaging a band for Commencement Day. The following were appointed by the chair to suggest names for overseers: John Noble, Boston; Albert G. Browne, New York; Franklin Bartlett, New York. On motion of the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, it was voted that the Executive Committee consider the expediency of giving places to the graduating class at the alumni dinner. The Association then adjourned.

## ELECTION OF OVERSEERS.

The polls for the election of five members of the Board of Overseers, to serve during the next six years, were open in Massachusetts Hall from ten A.M. to four P.M.

The result of the balloting was,—

| | CLASS. | VOTES. |
|---|---|---|
| Whole number of votes | | 663 |
| John Lowell | (1843) | 603 |
| Henry Lee | (1836) | 567 |
| Francis E. Parker | (1841) | 459 |
| John O. Sargent | (1830) | 367 |
| Robert M. Morse, jun. | (1857) | 322 |
| Thomas Hill | (1843) | 221 |
| James C. Carter | (1850) | 218 |
| Henry S. Russell | (1860) | 186 |
| Henry L. Pierce | | 121 |
| William Everett | (1859) | 77 |
| Sidney Bartlett | (1818) | 56 |
| Joseph H. Choate | (1852) | 41 |

Messrs. Lowell, Lee, Parker, Sargent, and Morse were elected.

## THE PROCESSION.

The National Lancers, under command of Capt. A. F. Nettleton, escorted to the College grounds Gov. John D. Long, who was accompanied by Surgeon-Gen. Dale, Adjutant-Gen. Berry, Assistant Adjutant-Gen. Kingsbury, and Cols. Draper, Higginson, Bouvé, Haskell, and Fiske of his staff. The company arrived shortly after ten o'clock, and at once a procession was formed in front of Massachusetts Hall in the following order:—

Chief Marshal, Robert Treat Paine, jun.
President Charles William Eliot.
Fellows and Overseers.
Gov. John Davis Long and Staff.
Alumni and guests.
Members of the Graduating Class.
Undergraduates.

Chief Marshal Paine was assisted by the gentlemen named below:—

### AIDS.

Samuel Lothrop Thorndike (1852).
Arthur Theodore Lyman (1853).
George Putnam (1854).
George Higelow Chase (1856).
Charles Fairchild (1858).
Charles Pickering Bowditch (1863).

### MARSHALS.

Edwin Hale Abbot (1855).
John Charles Phillips (1858).
George Baty Blake (1859).
Henry Pickering (1861).
Robert Singleton Peabody (1862).
Robert Amory (1863).
Charles Cabot Jackson (1863).
George Glover Crocker (1864).
Edward Nicoll Fenno (1866).
Robert Gould Shaw (1869).
Roger Wolcott (1870).
Henry Cabot Lodge (1872).
Nathaniel Thayer, jun. (1872).
Grant Walker (1873).
Richard Henry Dana, jun. (1874).
Edward Gould Peters (1874).
James Lawrence (1874).
Robert Hallowell Gardiner, jun. (1875)
George Peabody Gardner (1877).
Abbott Lawrence Lowell (1877).
William Sigourney Otis (1878).

The procession marched to Sanders Theatre, where the graduating exercises took place. The auditorium was comfortably filled, chiefly by ladies, long before the arrival of the procession. After the procession reached the theatre, the graduates took the seats reserved for them on the lower floor; while on the platform were seated President Eliot, members of the Faculty, the Fellows, the Board of Overseers, and other officers of the University, Gov. Long and the members of his staff, Sheriff John M. Clark of Suffolk County, Sheriff E. W. Fiske of Middlesex County, and others.

## AT SANDERS THEATRE.

Sheriff Clark called the assembly to order, and the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody offered prayer. The commencement parts were then delivered in the following order:—

*Latin Oration.*—Edward Southworth Hawes, "De Institutione Juvenum apud Romanos."

*Disquisitions.*—Walter Horton Rhett, "The Poetry of Robert Burns;" Charles Dudley March (poem), "Rome and Juvenal."

*Dissertations.*—Josiah Quincy, "The Orator in a Modern Democracy;" John Aloysius O'Keefe, "Catholicism and Democracy;" Frederick Jordan Ranlett, "The Kinship of Poetry and Philosophy."

*Orations.*—Albert Bushnell Hart, "The Resurrection of Olympia;" Benjamin Rand, A. B., candidate in philosophy, "Unconscious Mental Action;" Horace Hawes Martin, A. B., candidate in law, "The Unconstitutional Proclamations of President Lincoln;" Henry Norman, candidate in theology, "The New Basis of Ethics."

The Latin oration of Mr. Hawes was carefully prepared and well written, and was delivered in an exceptionally forceful and graceful manner. The orator infused a great deal of life into the dead language; and his delivery, easy and full of expression, made the oration of interest even to those of the audience unfamiliar with Latin. In several passages he was quite eloquent, and received hearty applause.

In "The Poetry of Robert Burns," Mr. Rhett gave a minute analysis of the mental and moral characteristics of the Scottish bard, and a review of his poetry. The speaker thought that two prominent characteristics of Burns, both in his life and in his poetry, were his geniality and his sincerity. He despised cant and hypocrisy in whatever station of life he found it. He accomplished an immeasurable amount of good for his native land. Of utmost importance in this respect was the raising of her literature from a place of inferiority to the highest standard of excellence. Patriotism marked his whole career, and some of his patriotic poems will never lose their power to affect the hearts of his countrymen. His name will ever be cherished as the champion of man, humanity, and honor.

The poem of Mr. March, "Rome and Juvenal," was a production of more than ordinary merit, characterized by deep thought and tender poetic feeling. The lines were flowing and graceful, and the versification smooth.

Mr. Quincy carried off the honors of the day by his able dissertation on "The Orator in Modern Democracy." In opening, he briefly considered the great orators of the world from Demosthenes to Webster, and then proceeded to treat of the difference between the oratory of the present and that of the past, and of the influences that constrain the orator of the day. The press has had a powerful influence in modifying the style of the modern orator. Formerly the orator shaped his periods to move the hearts and the feelings of the men whom he was immediately addressing. Now the orator must depend less upon his power to sway a few hearers than upon his ability to convince a world of readers. The claims of party have much to do in controlling the orator in a modern democracy, but he alone can attain to the highest oratorical eminence who refuses to be trammelled by party policies. The political orator, in spite of disadvantages, has now a glorious opportunity, if he but knows how to use it. Great questions are looming up in the near future, and will demand the highest talents for their consideration and solution. More important than all else in this crisis, the orator must be sincere and honest. He must believe in central details, abandon all negations, and be positive, independent, and outspoken.

Mr. O'Keefe reviewed "Catholicism and Democracy," by considering the principles of the two systems, religious and political, and argued that there is no essential hostility between them. The speaker's delivery was somewhat unfortunate, as he spoke in such a low, conversational tone, that his voice was inaudible a few feet from the platform.

"The Kinship of Poetry and Philosophy," by Mr. Ranlett, was an effort to show the close association of poetry and philosophy, and the dependence of one upon the other. The speaker showed by arguments, and quotations from authorities, that both poetry and philosophy are devoted alike to the pursuit of truth; both exhibit a community of method. History is defined as philosophy teaching by fact; and in the same way poetry may be defined as philosophy teaching by fancy. The poet or the philosopher attains to the highest results by the exercise of the faculties of analogy and generalization.

The oration, "The Resurrection of Olympia," by Mr. Hart, was devoted to an account of recent art-discoveries in the ruins of ancient Olympia, and a consideration of the benefit of these discoveries to the art-world.

Mr. Rand, in "Unconscious Mental Action," presented a view of the principles of this philosophical theory, and detailed some of the more important facts that go to prove it, as, for instance, the manifold action of the mind in producing music, mental action in sleep, the experiences of pleasure and pain, and the action of memory.

Mr. Martin presented an elaborate and thorough treatise on "The Unconstitutional Proclamations of President Lincoln." He treated, from a legal standpoint of view, the emancipation proclamation, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the establishment of martial law. He argued that in strict legality these acts were unconstitutional, but that they were justified by the common law which allows violent measures to be instituted to save life, or in times of great emergency and public peril. Such were the times when these measures were instituted, and these were therefore justified. But the further argument was deduced, that none of them could have weight or binding force after the emergencies which called for them had passed away.

"The New Basis of Ethics," by Mr. Norman, was a consideration of the philosophical questions of "What Ought we to Do?" and "Why Ought we to Do It?" The two theories of transcendental and empirical philosophy were treated at length, their principles defined, and their differences explained. Together the two form a complete system of moral ethics. Both reach the same conclusions, and both postulate an infinite progress. The methods of both are not exclusive and not contradictory. Some fundamental data of conscience, and a common acknowledgment of a higher power, are only needed to bring the two together to form a new basis of ethics.

The exercises were concluded by the presentation of diplomas by President Eliot. The degrees were awarded as follows:—

## THE GRADUATES OF 1880.

### BACHELORS OF ARTS (Graduates of the College Proper).

Frederick Hobbs Allen . . . . . Boston.
Russell Carpenter Allen . . . . . Cambridge.
William Henry Alley . . . . . Lynn.
Frederic Almy . . . . . New Bedford.
William Shankland Andrews . . . . Syracuse, N.Y.
Robert Bacon . . . . . Jamaica Plain.
Henry Cutler Baldwin . . . . . Somerville.
Morton Barrows . . . . . Reading.
Henry Taylor Barstow . . . . . Boston.
Nathaniel Cilley Bartlett . . . . . Nottingham, N.H.
Charles Frederic Tiffany Beale . . . Kinderhook, N.Y.
Gerard Bement . . . . . Lowell.
Charles Horace Benton . . . . . Cleveland, O.
Sherard Billings . . . . . Quincy.
Charles Benton Blair . . . . . Grand Rapids, Mich.
William Tilden Blodgett . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Hugh Lennox Bond . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Frank Herbert Brackett . . . . . Jamaica Plain.
Russell Bradford . . . . . Cambridge.
Charles Wesley Bradley . . . . . Cambridge.
Amos Franklin Breed . . . . . Lynn.
Clifford Brigham . . . . . Salem.
Nat Mayzard Brigham . . . . . Natick.
Louis Mayo Brown . . . . . Glens Falls, N.Y.
Philip Townsend Buckley . . . . South Boston.
George Minot Butler . . . . . Northampton.
Francis Elliot Cabot . . . . . Brookline.
Frank Oliver Carpenter . . . . . Cambridge.
Ignatius Sumner Carruth . . . . . Boston.
Henry Bainbridge Chapin . . . . New London, Conn.
Charles Henry Chapman . . . . . Boston.
George Thorndike Chase . . . . . Salem.
Walter Cole . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
William Hoff Cook . . . . . Oakland, Cal.
Charles Stevenson Davis . . . . . Plymouth.
John Doane . . . . . Charlestown.
Edwin Merrick Dodd . . . . . Worcester.
Frank Faden Dodge . . . . . Woburn.
Jonathan Dwight . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton . Kentville, N.S.
Ralph Nicholson Ellis . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Herbert Hall Eustis . . . . . Cambridge.
James Deering Fessenden . . . . . Portland, Me.
James Brainerd Field . . . . . Boston.
Charles Everett Fish . . . . . Watertown.
Charles Chauncey Foster . . . . . Cambridge.
Harold North Fowler . . . . . Westfield.
Henry Gardner French . . . . . Boston.
Eugene Fuller . . . . . Cambridge.
Frederic Gardiner . . . . . Middletown, Conn.
William Alexander Gaston . . . . Boston.
James Geddes . . . . . Brookline.
Joseph Henry Gest . . . . . Cincinnati, O.
Samuel Cotton Gilbert . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis.
Frank Milton Gilley . . . . . Chelsea.
John Bradley Gilman . . . . . Medford.
William Wallace Gooch . . . . . Melrose.
Louis May Greeley . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
George Griswold . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Henry Eliot Guild . . . . . Boston.
Arthur Hale . . . . . Roxbury.
Arthur Lawrence Hall . . . . . Revere.
Frederic Bound Hall . . . . . Charlestown.
William Dudley Hall . . . . . Bridgeport, Conn.
Arthur Lee Hanscom . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Mitchell Harrison . . . . . Philadelphia, Penn.
Albert Bushnell Hart . . . . . Cleveland, O.
George Baptiste Hatch . . . . . Chelsea.
Edward Southworth Hawes . . . . Boston.
Harold Gould Henderson . . . . Staten Island, N.Y.
George Abiah Hibbard . . . . . Buffalo, N.Y.
William Henry Hills . . . . . Somerville.
Fletcher Stephen Hines . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
Charles Austin Hobbs . . . . . Exeter, N.H.
William Hooper . . . . . Dorchester.
John Wesley Houston . . . . . Lincoln, Del.
James Torrey Howe . . . . . Kenosha, Wis.
Frank Colhoon Huidekoper . . . . Meadville, Penn.
Arthur Hurst . . . . . Brooklyn, N.Y.
Henry Jackson . . . . . Boston.
Laurence Henry Hitch Johnson . . Braintree.
Henry Champion Jones . . . . . Bangor, Me.
Frederick Dolbier Jordan . . . . . Lawrence.
Francis Bowler Keene . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis.
George Reed Kelley . . . . . Haverhill.
Thaddeus Davis Kenneson . . . . Andover.
Percy Kent . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Henry Whitman Kilburn . . . . . Lowell.
John Lamson Lamson . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Arthur Henry Lea . . . . . Philadelphia, Penn.
William Pollock Learned . . . . . Pittsfield.
James Louis Lester . . . . . West Newton.
Edward Harris Lum . . . . . Chatham, N.J.
Charles Dudley March . . . . . Staatsburgh, N.Y.
George White Merrill . . . . . Boston.
George Passarow Messervy . . . . Salem.
Andrew Miller . . . . . Albany, N.Y.
Arthur Wendell Moors . . . . . Boston.
Charles Morgan . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Sanford Morison . . . . . Quincy.
Charles Henry Morss . . . . . North Andover.
David Mould . . . . . Cambridge.
Austin Kent Murray . . . . . Cambridge.
Thomas White Nickerson . . . . . Boston.
Charles Phelps Norton . . . . . Buffalo, N.Y.
William Francis O'Callaghan . . . Milford.
John Aloysius O'Keefe . . . . . Salem.
Leonard Eckstein Opdycke . . . . New York, N.Y.
Charles Albert Parker . . . . . Boston.
William George Pellew . . . . . New York, N.Y.
James Lane Pennypacker . . . . . Philadelphia, Penn.
Arthur Perry . . . . . Westerly, R.I.
George Murdock Perry . . . . . Ashland.
Herbert Mills Perry . . . . . New Ipswich, N.H.
William Andrews Pew . . . . . Gloucester.
Ernest Henry Pilsbury . . . . . Lewiston, Me.
Wesley Frank Price . . . . . Lumberton, N.C.
Josiah Quincy . . . . . Quincy.
Frederick Jordan Ranlett . . . . . Auburndale.
Walter Horton Rhett . . . . . Huntsville, Ala.
William King Richardson . . . . . Longwood.
Frank Blair Rollins . . . . . Columbia, Mo.
Theodore Roosevelt . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Eugene Dexter Russell . . . . . Watertown.
Richard Middlecott Saltonstall . . . Chestnut Hill.
Chester Franklin Sanger . . . . . Cambridge.
Henry Wilson Savage . . . . . Boston.
William Beverly Sharp . . . . . San Francisco, Cal.
Henry Russell Shaw . . . . . Boston.
Samuel Wiggins Skinner . . . . . Cincinnati, O.
Frederick Mears Smith . . . . . Cambridge.
Walter Allen Smith . . . . . Boston.
William Stanford Stevens . . . . . Boston.
Van Der Lynn Stow . . . . . San Francisco, Cal.
Frank Overton Suire . . . . . Cincinnati, O.
William Houston Talbott . . . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
Arthur Taylor . . . . . Yarmouth.
William George Taylor . . . . . New York, N.Y.
John Sever Tebbets . . . . . Boston.
John Jacob Thomsen . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Howard Townsend . . . . . Albany, N.Y.
Richard Trimble . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Frederic Allison Tupper . . . . . Newtonville.
Bradford Strong Turpin . . . . . Dorchester.
John Lathrop Wakefield . . . . . Dedham.
Charles Ware . . . . . Roxbury.
Charles Everett Warren . . . . . Boston.
Charles Grenfill Washburn . . . . Worcester.
Henry Randall Webb . . . . . Washington, D.C.
Albert Barnes Weimer . . . . . Philadelphia, Penn.
Christopher Minot Weld . . . . . Jamaica Plain.
Richard Ward Greene Welling . . . New York, N.Y.
Fairfax Henry Wheelan . . . . . Santa Rosa, Cal.
Silas Merrick Whitcomb . . . . . Nunda, N.Y.
Franklin Davis White . . . . . Milton.
William Howard White . . . . . Brookline.
Frederick Erwin Whiting . . . . . Cambridge.
Alfred Wilkinson . . . . . Syracuse, N.Y.
Otho Holland Williams . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
William Crawford Winlock . . . . Cambridge.
Robert Winsor . . . . . Winchester.
John Woodbury . . . . . Lynn.

### MASTERS OF MECHANICAL ARTS (Graduates of the Scientific School).

Joseph Gore Cutler . . . . . Cambridge | Leander Allen Plummer . . . . . New Bedford.

### DOCTORS OF DENTAL MEDICINE (Graduates of the Dental School).

Frederic Eugene Thayer . . . . . Lawrence.
Albert James Colgan . . . . . Boston.
Arthur Ernest Lewis . . . . . Taunton.
John Scott Mason . . . . . Saco.
Virgil Clarence Pond . . . Boston.

### DOCTORS OF MEDICINE (Graduates of the Medical School).

George Edwin Adams . . . . . Lowell.
Dudley Peter Allen, A.B. (Oberlin Coll.) . Oberlin, O.
George Edwin Bill, A.B. (Tufts College) . Waltham.
Edward Cornelius Briggs, D.M.D. . . . Boston.
William Norton Bullard, A.B. . . . . Boston.
Buchanan Burr . . . . . Astoria, N.Y.
Abraham Barker Cates, A.M. (Colby University) . . . . . Vassalboro', Me.
Moses Davis Church . . . . . Cambridge.
Samuel Bartlett Clarke . . . . . Salem.
George Colburn Clement . . . . . Boston.
Thomas Alexander Crowell, M.D. (Jefferson Medical College) . . . . . Lincolnton, N.C.
Charles Gilman Currier, A.B. . . . . Boston.
William Davis, A.B. . . . . Plymouth.
Charles Ayrault Dewey, A.B. (University of Rochester) . . . . . Rochester, N.Y.
Frederic Fobes Doggett, A.B. . . . . Quincy.
Eugene Fillmore Dunbar . . . . . Boston.
William Carroll Emerson, A.B. . . . . Haverhill.
Harold Clarence Ernst, A.B. . . . . Boston.
Samuel Augustus Fisk, A.B. (Yale) . . Northampton.
Egbert Henry Grandin, A.B. . . . . New York, N.Y.
Charles Bartlett Hammond, A.B. (Dartmouth College) . . . . . Nashua, N.H.
William Benjamin Jackson . . . . . Lowell.
Henry Percy Jaques, A.B. . . . . Boston.
William Furness Jarvis . . . . . Boston.
Herbert Perry Jefferson . . . . . Lowell.
Joseph Kittredge . . . . . North Andover.
Flavill Winslow Kyle . . . . . Boston.
Charles Howard Mallett . . . . . Bath, Me.
Charles Sumner Millet . . . . . E. Bridgewater.
George Howard Monks, A.B. . . . . Boston.
Ernest Henry Noyes, A.M. (Bowd. Coll.), Newburyport.
Charles Franklin Osman . . . . . Boston.
Walter Joseph Otis . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
Azariah Worthington Parsons . . . . Somerville.
Thomas Lyman Perkins . . . . . Salem.
Matthew Vassar Pierce, A.B. . . . . Boston.
Godfrey Ryder, jun., A.B. . . . . Medford.
Charles Quantic Scoboria . . . . . N. Somerville.
Thomas Perkins Smith, A.B. (Bates Coll.), Ashland, N.H.
Herbert Terry, S.B. (Cornell University) . Fairhaven.
James Wise Walker, A.B. . . . . Boston.
George Lincoln Walton, A.B. . . . . West Newton.
Edward Graeff West, A.B. . . . . Exeter, N.H.
George Webb West, A.B. . . . . Salem.
Herbert Warren White . . . . . Randolph.

## BACHELORS OF LAW (Graduates of the Law School).

Sigourney Butler, A.B. . . . . Quincy.
Edgar Robert Champlin . . . . . Cambridge.
Henry Gold Danforth, A.B. . . . . Rochester, N.Y.
Simon Davis, A.B. . . . . Charlestown.
Morris Gray, A.B. . . . . Boston.
William Frank Hapgood, A.B. . . . . Worcester.
Elbridge Gerry Kimball, A.B. . . . . Salem.
George Holton Ryther . . . . . West Northfield.
Charles Augustus Sattler, A.B. (Penn. Coll.) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Edward Preston Usher, A.M. . . . . Boston.
Lewis Cass Vandegrift, Ph.B. (Del. Coll.) . . . . . McDonough, Del.

### CUM LAUDE.

[This honor is conferred upon those students, who, having been in the Law School during at least two full years as candidates for a degree, have passed satisfactory examinations in the entire honor-course of three years.]

Charles Maynard Barnes, A.B. . . . . Decatur, Ill.
George Folger Canfield, A.B. . . . . New York, N.Y.
Nicholas Battelle Collins . . . . . Hopedale, O.
Abbott Lawrence Lowell, A.B. . . . . Brookline.
Horace Hawes Martin, A.B. (Racine College) . . . . . Warsaw, N.Y.
Francis Buchanan Tiffany, A.B. . . . . West Newton.
Eugene Wambaugh, A.M. . . . . Cambridge.

## BACHELORS OF THEOLOGY (Graduates of the Divinity School).

Alexander Thomas Bowser, A.B. . . Sackville, N.B.
John Frederick Dutton, A.M. (Univ. of Mich.) . . . . . Cambridge.

Charles Brown Elder, A.B. (Brown Univ.) . . . . . New York, N.Y.
Henry Norman . . . . . Leicester, Eng.

Alphonso Marston Weeks, A.B. (Boston Univ.) . . . . . E. Wolfeboro', N.H.

## DEGREES FOR ADVANCED STUDIES.

### MASTERS OF ARTS.

Francis Almy, A.B., 1879.
Clement Walker Andrews, A.B., 1879.
Harrison Otis Apthorp, A.B., 1879.
Robert S Avann, A.B., 1877.
Henry Baily, A.B., 1879.

Frank Hagar Bigelow, A.B., 1873.
Walter Cary, A.B., 1879.
Stedman Willard Clary, A.B., 1877.
James Arthur Gage, A.B., 1879.
James Ward Gilman, A.B., 1877.

Benjamin Fosdick Harding, A.B., 1879.
Edward Lovell Houghton, A.B., 1879.
Benjamin Rand, A.B., 1879.
Francis Joseph Swayze, A.B., 1879.

### DOCTORS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Edward Perkins Channing, A.B. *History:* "The Political History of the United States from the End of the Revolutionary War to the War of 1812." Thesis: "The Louisiana Purchase."

Edward Emerson Phillips, A.B. *Philology:* "The Greek Language and Literature." Thesis: "On the Historic Worth of Æschines' Oration on the Embassy."

Denman Waldo Ross, A.B. *History:* "The History of Early Institutions." Thesis: "The Theory of Village Communities."

Samuel Epes Turner, A.B. *History:* "The History of Germany, France, and England, from A.D. 800 to A.D. 1800, with Special Reference to the Age of Louis XIV." Thesis: "The Influence of France on English and German Politics during the Age of Louis XIV."

Benjamin Willis Wells, A.B. *Philology:* "The Comparative Grammar of the Germanic Dialects, with Special Reference to English, Gothic, and High German." Thesis: "The Language of the Ormulum, and its Relations with Old English."

## SPECIAL DISTINCTION FOR EXCELLENCE OF WORK IN THE COLLEGE.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Frederick Hobbs Allen. Greek. Latin. Philosophy.
Frederic Almy. Latin.
Henry Cutler Baldwin. Greek. Latin.
Nathaniel Cilley Bartlett. History.
Sherrard Billings. Greek. Latin. Philosophy.
Charles Benton Blair. English Composition. History. Fine Arts.
William Tilden Blodgett. German.
Francis Herbert Brackett. Music.
Russell Bradford. Philosophy.
Charles Wesley Bradley. English Composition. Philosophy.
Louis Mayo Brown. Italian. Spanish.
Walter Cole. Greek. Latin.
John Doane. Natural History.
Francis Faden Dodge. French. Music.
James Brainerd Field. Mathematics. Physics. Chemistry.
Harold North Fowler. Greek. Latin.
James Geddes. Italian. Spanish.
Joseph Henry Gest. History.
Samuel Cotton Gilbert. History.
Francis Milton Gilley. Greek.
Louis May Greeley. Chemistry.
George Griswold. German.
Arthur Hale. Mathematics.
Arthur Lee Hanscom. German.

Albert Bushnell Hart. English Composition. History.
George Baptiste Hatch. English Composition. Philosophy.
Edward Southworth Hawes. Greek. Latin.
George Abiah Hibbard. German.
William Henry Hills. Latin. German.
Charles Austin Hobbs. Music. Mathematics. Chemistry.
John Wesley Houston. English Composition. History.
Henry Champion Jones. Natural History.
Frederick Dolbier Jordan. Philosophy.
George Reed Kelley. History.
Thaddeus Davis Kenneson. Greek. Latin.
Percy Kent. German. French.
Arthur Henry Lea. Mathematics.
Charles Dudley March. Latin. English Composition.
George White Merrill. Latin.
Arthur Wendell Moors. Greek. Latin. German.
Charles Henry Morss. Mathematics. Natural History.
David Mould. Philosophy. History.
Thomas White Nickerson. History.
Charles Phelps Norton. History.
John Aloysius O'Keefe. Greek. Latin. Political Economy.
William George Pellew. Greek. Latin. English Composition.
Arthur Perry. History.
Herbert Mills Perry. Mathematics.
William Andrews Pew. History.
Wesley Frank Price. Philosophy.

Josiah Quincy. Greek. Latin. English Composition. Political Economy.
Frederick Jordan Ranlett. English Composition. Philosophy. Natural History. English.
Walter Horton Rhett. Greek. Latin. Philosophy.
William King Richardson. Greek. Latin. English Composition. History.
Theodore Roosevelt. Natural History.
Eugene Dexter Russell. Philosophy. Chemistry.
Richard Middlecott Saltonstall. Natural History.
Henry Wilson Savage. French.
William Beverly Sharp. Mathematics.
Walter Allen Smith. English Composition. Political Economy.
Francis Overton Suire. Political Economy.
Arthur Taylor. Philosophy.
William George Taylor. Greek. Latin.
John Jacob Thomsen. Mathematics. Chemistry.
Howard Townsend. Latin. History.
Frederic Allison Tupper. Greek. Latin. Philosophy.
Albert Barnes Weimer. English Composition. Political Economy. History.
William Howard White. Greek. Latin. Political Economy.
Alfred Wilkinson. History.
William Crawford Winlock. Mathematics. Physics.
John Woodbury. English Composition. History. Fine Arts.

### HONORS.

#### IN ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

Henry Baily, A.B.
Henry Cutler Baldwin.
Edward Lovell Houghton.
William George Taylor.
Frederic Allison Tupper.

*Highest Honors.*

Harold North Fowler.
Edward Southworth Hawes.
Thaddeus Davis Kenneson.
William King Richardson.

#### IN PHILOSOPHY.

*Highest Honors.*

Charles Wesley Bradley.
Benjamin Rand, A.B.

#### IN HISTORY.

Albert Bushnell Hart.
John Woodbury.

*Highest Honors.*

Albert Barnes Weimer.

#### IN MATHEMATICS.

Arthur Hale.
Herbert Mills Perry.

#### IN PHYSICS.

James Brainerd Field.
William Crawford Winlock.

#### IN CHEMISTRY.

Louis May Greeley.
John Jacob Thomsen.

### ORATIONS.

William King Richardson.
Albert Bushnell Hart.
Albert Barnes Weimer.
Thaddeus Davis Kenneson.
Edward Southworth Hawes.
Harold North Fowler.
Charles Wesley Bradley.

### DISSERTATIONS.

Louis May Greeley.
William Howard White.
Henry Cutler Baldwin.
Herbert Mills Perry.
Henry Champion Jones.
William George Taylor.
Frederic Allison Tupper.

John Wesley Houston.
Frederick Jordain Ranlett.
Louis Mayo Brown.
William George Pellew.
John Woodbury.
Frederick Hobbs Allen.
Charles Henry Morss.

Theodore Roosevelt.
Charles Austin Hobbs.
John Aloysius O'Keefe.
Arthur Wendell Moors.
Frederick Dolbier Jordan.
James Lane Pennypacker.
James Brainerd Field.

Josiah Quincy.
Charles Benton Blair.
David Mould.
John Jacob Thomsen.
William Crawford Winlock.
Arthur Hale.

### DISQUISITIONS.

Walter Horton Rhett.
Wesley Frank Price.
Frederic Almy.
Henry Eliot Guild.
Arthur Henry Lea.
Henry Wilson Savage.
Samuel Cotton Gilbert.
William Henry Hills.
James Torrey Howe.
George Murdock Perry.

Eugene Dexter Russell.
Walter Cole.
Charles Dudley March.
Leonard Eckstein Opdycke.
Howard Townsend.
Alfred Wilkinson.
George White Merrill.
Jonathan Dwight.
Francis Milton Gilley.
Walter Allen Smith.

Sherard Billings.
Percy Kent.
Arthur Lee Hanscom.
Francis Faden Dodge.
Nathaniel Cilley Bartlett.
Charles Phelps Norton.
George Baptiste Hatch.
William Andrews Pew.
George Reed Kelley.
Joseph Henry Gest.

Thomas White Nickerson.
Francis Overton Suire.
Russell Bradford.
Richard Middlecott Saltonstall.
George Griswold.
Arthur Perry.
William Beverly Sharp.
James Geddes.
Francis Herbert Brackett.
Arthur Taylor.

## HONORARY DEGREES.

### MASTERS OF ARTS.

Professor Edward Charles Pickering, director of the Harvard College Observatory.
Samuel Jones Bridge, ex-chief appraiser on the Pacific coast.
Louis Francis Pourtalès, keeper of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

### DOCTORS OF LAW.

His Excellency John Davis Long, Governor of Massachusetts.
Alexander Schmidt of Königsberg, Germany, an eminent Shakespearian scholar.
Samuel Eliot, superintendent of public schools, Boston.
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Parkman Professor of Anatomy.

## OUT-OF-COURSE DEGREES.

### BACHELORS OF ARTS (Graduates of the College Proper).

[These degrees were given "out of course;" that is, the recipients, for some reason not obtaining their degrees at the time their classes graduated, have been granted the degrees now to date from the year when they would have received them in regular order.]

Henderson Inches . . . . . 1823
Daniel Carpenter Bacon . . . . . 1876
Charles John Bell . . . . . 1876
William Clinton Bates . . . . . 1877
William Frank Hapgood . . . . . 1877
Frank Eliot Bradish . . . . . 1878
Charles Franklin Sprague . . . . . 1879

### BACHELOR OF LAWS (Graduate of the Law School.)

Jacob Farrand Tuttle . . . . . 1874

## COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

At half-past two P.M., about one thousand alumni and guests formed again in procession, in front of Massachusetts Hall, and proceeded to Memorial Hall Dining Room, where the annual dinner is served. The Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge asked a blessing, and the whole assembly united in singing the customary hymn,[1] John Langdon Sibley (1825), the librarian emeritus, for the thirty-second time setting the tune. After the hymn was sung, James Coolidge Carter (1850) of New York, N.Y., president of the Association of the Alumni, delivered his address printed below.

### ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT JAMES C. CARTER.

Brethren of the Harvard Alumni, — I must take this first occasion of appearing before the general body of the alumni in my capacity of president of the association, to make my grateful acknowledgments for the honor conferred upon me at the election a year ago in raising me to this elevation. Being somewhat at a loss, at first, to account for a distinction so unexpected, I was inclined to impute it to a desire of the Massachusetts alumni to repel any suspicion of local illiberality in the minds of their outside brethren, and thus to forestall and, so to speak, to head off the movement set on foot by the alumni of New York, challenging the legality or the wisdom of confining membership of the board of overseers to residents of this State. If it was intended thus to appease a supposed discontent, although it may have been the right tub, it was thrown to the wrong whale [laughter]; for absence from the scene of action prevented my taking lot or part in that movement. The general and generous accord, however, with which the claims of the non-resident alumni were met and allowed by their resident brethren, robbed my supposal of its color of probability, and left gratified vanity to make its own explanations. [Laughter and applause.] For the renewal of that distinction again this year, I beg you to accept my thanks.

What may be the results of this change in the constitution of the board of overseers, we can only conjecture. The effort to bring it about has at least served to diversify the somewhat tame uniformity of our annual proceedings, and it has also served to vindicate a great principle, very dear to many Americans. We have heard a great deal in our day and generation about the *sacred right of suffrage*, — the right of *voting* for candidates for public office; but that corresponding and complementary right, the right to *be voted for*, has not heretofore received the attention its importance demands. [Laughter.] I submit to those who sit around and in front of me, whether we can ever surrender that without a struggle. [Laughter.] Hereafter, so far as the graduates of Harvard University are concerned, "no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon them;" no matter whether they come from the frozen climes of the North, the shores of the Pacific, or the great middle regions of the continent: their right to be candidates for the board of overseers is as pure and as perfect as if their dwelling-place were Boston, or one of the six adjoining towns. [Loud laughter.] At the last dinner of the Harvard Club in New York, much successful ridicule was poured out upon this antiquated preference for "Boston and the six adjoining towns." The President of the University, whose whole heart, I fear, was not enlisted in the movement [laughter], feebly endeavored to stem the torrent by stating, among other things, the fact that of all the funds ever raised by private contribution for the endowment of professorships and the foundation of the other establishments of the University, nineteen-twentieths, or some such proportion, had been contributed by residents of Boston and the six adjoining towns. I hardly need to say that these irrelevant and trivial considerations had little effect. [Loud laughter and applause.] If they prove any thing, they prove that this useful class of the graduates should be relieved of all other cares, and be confined to those functions in which they have been [laughter] so pre-eminently successful; and our suggestion is, that, while we in New York and elsewhere be called upon to "crack the overseer's whip," to make most of the fuss, and wear the feathers, the graduates of "Boston and the six adjoining towns" devote themselves, unembarrassed by other responsibilities, to collecting together and pouring into the capacious and ever-open lap of our venerable *alma mater* those streams of material wealth with which she may continue to further enlarge and equip this her chosen seat. [Applause.] Who can tell to what loftier summits of prosperity our *alma mater* may not, under such influences, ascend?

Brethren of Harvard, we come up to these annual festivities, all ages, all occupations, all experiences, all fortunes: some yet young, and eager for the strife; some seeking a momentary respite in the midst of the struggle; and some — the world's rewarded veterans — who come hither, as it were, to hang up their arms in the temple, and accept a long-coveted repose; but all feeling the touch of that indescribable emotion which always visits the breast upon a return to the spot where our first enduring friendships were formed, and where fancy first hung her bright allurements before the gaze of ambition and hope. [Loud applause.] However varied the emotions on such occasions of each individual heart, we may all join in thankfulness at the prosperity of our *alma mater*, and in the glad expectation that for many genera-

[1] Psalm lxxviii.

tions to come her fame is to suffer no diminution. For my own part, coming here rarely, and after long intervals, I can only compare the present situation with that at the time of my graduation, — just thirty years ago. I well recollect the rather sombre view which my filial anxiety then took of the future condition of Harvard. When I reflected that in the previous quarter of a century few new professorships had been founded, few additions had been made to the permanent establishments of the place, and that the average size of the classes had not very materially increased, and compared the meagre advance with the prodigious increase during the same period of the nation in population and wealth, and saw other institutions enlarging so much more rapidly their numbers and establishments, I felt that the sun of Harvard was about to descend from his proud elevation in the firmament, and this spot to become the seat of nothing greater than a provincial school.

> "So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet, anon, repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

I now behold new structures and towers rising or risen on every side, the permanent establishments, funds, and means of instruction increased threefold, and the number of undergraduates also quite trebled in the comparatively short period since I was a student, and our *alma mater* now enjoying an almost unchallenged pre-eminence. In all this there is much to gladden us as alumni of Harvard, and to gratify the sentiment of local patriotism. The sceptre of material power, — for a while detained along these Atlantic shores, — has passed far west of the Alleghanies, never to return; but the moral sceptre, scarcely less imperial, must always remain in that quarter where sound learning, true knowledge, the sciences which contribute to human order and progress, are most cultivated and most diffused. May we ever be able to say, as now, "*Hic illius arma, hic currus.*" [Prolonged applause.]

After closing his address President Carter said: You are expecting at this time a speech from the throne, which, as our venerable *alma mater* never appears in person, will be read by the Lord Chancellor, President Eliot.

## REMARKS OF PRESIDENT ELIOT.

In reply to the summons of your president I might tell you, gentlemen, some of the details of the past year's work: I might recount that the Board of Overseers, after lively discussion, has been opened by the legislature to persons who live outside of Massachusetts; that a third year of study has been successfully added to the Law-School course; that a fourth year's course of study has been organized in the Medical School; that the college faculty has carefully revised its regulations, with a view to make them shorter and less mechanical; that our corps of professors has been recruited by drawing three eminent scholars from other institutions of learning, and promoting one of our own excellent assistant professors; that Sever Hall has been erected, and is next year to be enjoyed; that the Hemenway Gymnasium has been equipped and put in use, and has more than fulfilled the highest expectations of its utility; that a large addition to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy is in process of construction; and that the publications of original work in science and literature by members of the University have been voluminous and rich. Or, on the other hand, I might tell you of the many desirable things which the University has not done, and cannot do, for lack of means; I might give you a long catalogue of needs. But I prefer to follow a course of thought which President Carter has already entered upon. What are the memories and the hopes which we bring each year to this festival? What is at bottom the feeling which binds us to the University? Why do we always come hither with gratitude and joy? It is because we passed here the halcyon days of youth, lived here for four happy years, or, better, for seven, a life of fascinating intellectual enjoyment, formed here the manly friendships which have been a chief blessing in our maturer years, and always find here a pure fount of religion, philosophy, and poetry. These are the things which touch the imagination, inspire a devoted affection, and bloom in our hearts with perennial beauty through all the trials, labors, and sorrows of our lives.

I found this morning in that book of wonderful beauty and power, — The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, — some sentences which seemed to me perfectly applicable to our beloved University. It is Wisdom who speaks: "I am the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope. . . . I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed; and lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea. . . . I will yet make doctrine to shine as the morning, and will send forth her light afar off. . . . Behold that I have not labored for myself only, but for all them that seek wisdom." Shall not we who have tasted the sweetness of this brook of our fathers, do all that in us lies to make it become a mighty river, refreshing and fertilizing the thirsty land?

President Carter then said: Gentlemen, our *alma mater* has always been very fortunate in the governors under which she has lived, in the government which breathed into her the breath of corporate life. That government has known how, in her days of weakness, to assist her, and has had the larger and better wisdom in her days of strength to know how to let her alone. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! His Excellency the Governor.

## ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR LONG.

I rise in behalf of the Commonwealth, Mr. President and fellow alumni, only to reciprocate with the College the cordial salutations of Commencement Day. May I be pardoned for saying that I do so with peculiar pleasure, because, while I am for a year a servant of the one, I am forever a son of the other; and because, in bringing here these tributes of respect and ancient and unbroken friendship with which I am charged, I lay them in the hands of my own *alma mater*. [Applause.] In the long procession which has this day crossed these sacred grounds, and which, in its at once touching and inspiring column, has embraced the extremes of age and youth, there has walked one friend of Harvard older than all the rest, older than herself, and yet, like her, unimpaired in vigor, and not yet at the maturity of growth, — the unembodied but commanding presence of the Commonwealth of Winthrop and of Sam. Adams, of Channing and of Sumner. Unfailingly year after year she comes to this venerable seat and spring of learning with her word of gratitude for many an illustrious name and many a noble service in the cause of humanity, but yet with her even more eager inquiry of what further can Harvard College do to make the citizen an honest man, a loyal patriot, a devotee to truth, — firm, though alone, to maintain the right, and yet broad enough to embrace in his culture, growth, and charity, all his fellow-men. I give you: Massachusetts and Harvard; of almost equal age, born of the same stock; consecrated to the same hopes and work; for two centuries and a half helpers of each other in the cause of religion, learning, patriotism, and manhood — their mission is still and forever the same; respect for, and faith in, and the elevation of the people, for whom and for all of whom both Commonwealth and College were alike instituted by the fathers. [Applause.]

When introducing Oliver Wendell Holmes, President Carter said: Gentlemen, it is customary I believe, or has been at times, on occasions like this, to go through with the regular order of the professions and pursuits of life, calling upon different individuals to represent each respectively. I think I can do almost all this in one effort, and call upon one man who represents literature, letters, medicine, poetry, and, I believe, to-day some kind of laws. There is scarcely any thing that he is not fitted for.

## RESPONSE BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Brothers of the Alumni, — I did not need the example of my friend and brother doctor, the Governor of the Commonwealth, to teach me brevity to-day. Our president has two arts: one is that of extorting money out of the coffers that are flooded, and the other is that of extracting work out of the men that he has under him. [Applause.] I have had experience in the latter direction. I have to read nearly two hundred books for examination, containing, each of them, twenty questions, making two thousand theses, very nearly, each one of which I pass under review. I scarcely paused from that engrossing occupation to come here for a single moment; and before doing it I reflected a moment how I could spare myself most labor, and leave you the greatest amount of time for the enjoyment that others will give you. The sonnet! The classical fourteen-line sonnet occurred to me as the safest refuge; and I proceed to read to you a sonnet, in the sentiment of which I am sure you will all agree: —

### HARVARD.

> Changeless in beauty, rose-hues on her cheek,
> Old walls, old trees, old memories all around
> Lend her unfading youth their charm antique,
> And fill with mystic light her holy ground.
> Here the lost dove her leaf of promise found
> While the new morning showed its blushing streak
> Far o'er the waters she had crossed to seek
> The bleak, wild shore in billowy forests drowned.
> Mother of scholars! on thy rising throne
> Thine elder sisters look benignant down, —
> England's proud twins, and they whose cloisters own
> The fame of Abelard, the scarlet gown
> That laughing Rabelais wore, not yet outgrown, —
> As on thy head they place the new world's crown.

The president continued: Brethren, I shall never forget, so long as I have the honor to remember this place, the connection between Harvard College and the clergy, and the debt which the College owes to the clergy. I was myself brought up in the fear of the clergy; although, from the discussions which I have read during the past year, I can easily imagine that it may be somewhat difficult for a representative of that profession to know what to say before a Harvard audience. He is prohibited — at least in some quarters — from speaking upon any subject of theology; he cannot say any thing about religion; and the only thing that is open to him, so far as I am aware, is ecclesiastical history. Upon that subject perhaps our friend the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke of Boston may give us some points.

## ADDRESS OF JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I AM very much disappointed. Ecclesiastical history! [referring to the subject assigned him.] When I heard that, I said, Dr. Hedge is the man who is coming now: he is the historian. Let me remark, sir, that the proverbs of nations are very apt to contradict each other. The old Hebrew proverb says that there is no new thing under the sun; and the Latin proverb says, on the contrary, "New times, new manners;" and that is followed by the French proverb which says, "The days succeed each other, and do not resemble each other." Probably all these are true, and I wish to apply them to Harvard College. I have seen a great many days since I first knew Harvard College. They have succeeded each other, and the College of to-day does not seem to resemble the College which I first knew; yet, after all, there may be something similar between the old University of fifty years ago and that of to-day. One of the great changes which have taken place has been the introduction of the elective system. When I was in college there was no elective system, so far as appearances went. We all were supposed to study the same course, the same books: to-day the young men are invited to choose for themselves. Then we had an excuse, if we didn't want to study. We said, "We have to study so much Greek, and we don't see the use of it, and we don't like it; and we don't like the Latin books they give us; and the mathematics don't suit us." But now the faculty say to the young man, "My dear boy, take your choice: isn't there something you like to study? are you not interested in *some* kind of knowledge?" And it would be very foolish of him to say that he didn't care for any thing, so he is obliged to study something or other. [Laughter.] But, now, looking at it on the other side, as I remember, there was a good deal of election then. We were supposed to go through a regular course; but, as I recollect the pursuits among my fellow-students in my class, they were very various. There was one of my classmates, for example, who was occupied nearly all the time in a very recondite pursuit; he would allow nobody to come into the room where he was at work, — he was inventing perpetual motion. And there was another of a very mechanical turn of genius, and he occupied himself in taking his water-pail in pieces, and scraping it, and putting it together, and painting it a new color. If, now, they had had the opportunity of the elective course, one would have selected physics, and the other the fine arts. Thus both would have been satisfied. And I recollect that I myself moused about in the college library till on one of the upper shelves I found a book of Stendhal, giving the history of the arts in Italy; and there I became acquainted for the first time with the majestic genius of Leonardo and Michael Angelo. If I were in college now, instead of taking all that trouble, I should go to Professor Norton, and choose him as my elective teacher. So we had election then, although we were not expected to have it.

I will speak of another department. There has been a great increase, as we have heard to-day, of gymnastic exercises in the College in recent times. Now we have the class crews and the university crews; we have boating and we have base-ball, and we have all sorts of gymnastic exercises. But the difference is, they are now not only tolerated, but they are encouraged; and it is an honor now to be a good gymnast, and you will, perhaps, chance to get your face in an illustrated paper [laughter] at the head of your boat's crew. But even we had some similar exercises. It is not an innovation, — athletic exercise, out-door exercise, out-door sports. We used to swim and ride and row and sail, and we had ball-matches in those days, and we used to fence and to box; and, simple as I stand here, I myself was at one time the class-monitor in teaching fencing. And I could quote the example of a distinguished member of the Suffolk bar, one of my classmates, who on one occasion, in the University, accepted the challenge of a West Point fencing-master, and hit him before the fencing-master had touched him, and then very wisely said that was enough: he would go no farther. [Laughter.] This same classmate taught us boxing; and we used to get very much mauled, I assure you, in those days, just as you do in these days. One of the changes in the University is this: Formerly it was very easy to enter college, now it is rather hard; then it was very easy to get out of college, but now that is hard, too. [Laughter.] We were fond of going to Fresh Pond in those days, duck-shooting; but we were very careful not to let the president or the professors know it. Now, I take it, it would be rather a credit. I don't know but there may be a competitive examination in duck-shooting, and perhaps the one who succeeds in getting a full bag may be entered on the college papers, "*maximâ cum laude*." But in those days, if any thing had been said to us about it, it would have been said in the memorable words, or something like them, of that Southerner, who, in a somewhat hasty and inconsequential sentence, addressed the culprit thus: "Prisoner at the bar, you had an excellent father and mother, you had every opportunity of a good education, you came of a most respectable family; instead of which, you go about shooting ducks." [Laughter.]

It is a very great gratification to see the young men who graduate here. It is a great gratification to look upon such faces, to see those whose minds are so fresh, in whom there is such an expression of ardor, of faith, of confidence, of hope, to whom the world looks so fair, who are not fatigued, who are ready for the conflict, full of generous expectation. Any one must feel his heart thrill with joy at the sight of all these young men who leave the University to-day, going out to try their power in an unknown world. We cannot but hope for them, and believe in them. We believe that it is of such as these that the strength of the Commonwealth shall consist. These are they who shall have some faith in republican institutions; they are those who shall have some confidence in the people, and not belong to that sad category of Europeans unfortunately born in America. [Laughter.] No! they are Americans all through. And, although there is not as much technical belief in religious dogmas to-day as there was when I was a boy, yet I am quite sure of this, that there is as much, and I believe more, faith in the great principles of religion, in the principles of truth and justice, of right and generosity, than there was then. [Applause.] Dogmatic theology may have gone down, — if it has, there was some reason for its going down; but the theology which believes in the living God, which believes in an eternity as well as a time, in a soul as well as a body, will exist as long as there is something higher than man, toward which an aspiration that belongs to human nature always has tended and always will tend. And I see these young men go forth, in confidence, although they may not, many of them, enter my profession — I wish more of them would enter my profession, for I am sure they could not have a happier life than those who work for God and for man; yet, if they do not belong technically to my profession, I welcome them to the great work of improving the world, by opposing every thing that is false in human life, every thing false and mean and low and base in human polities; I welcome them to the great work of giving their assistance to every thing which shall enlarge the understanding and improve the heart of man. [Applause.] This, I think, they will do; and if I may have a wish for them, if I may close these remarks with a sentiment, there comes to my mind the saying of a gentleman, a foreigner in this country, a man of science, the greatest fossil botanist in this country, and perhaps in the world. He said to my friend Professor Lesley, "I tell you, Lesley, that a good wife is the most better gift that Providence never gave to somebody." [Laughter.] After a reasonable time has elapsed, I hope that the graduating class of to-day will realize the truth of this aphorism. That shall be my sentiment: a good wife is the most better gift that Providence never gave to somebody. [Laughter and applause.]

PRESIDENT CARTER. — Brethren, it is generally thought — always, I believe, on these occasions — that the period of fifty years after graduation constitutes one of those milestones in human life at which it is most fitting to ask a member of the class how it is with him. Fifty years ago the class of 1830 graduated. We have among us to-day, I think, a great number of representatives of that class; one of the most distinguished, if I may except the class of 1850, that ever graduated from Harvard College. I shall have the honor of introducing to you, to respond to the sentiment in favor of the class of 1830, a gentleman not only a member of the class, but also President of the Harvard Club of New York, John Osborne Sargent.

## REMARKS OF JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT.

The class of 1830, Mr. President, numbers eighteen survivors on the Quinquennial Catalogue; and fourteen of these, with another gentleman who was of the order of University students, dined with our classmate Judge Warren last evening at his residence in Boston. As he was the secretary of the class, and in the absence of any intimation to the contrary before taking my seat here among my classmates, I thought he would be called upon to respond for us this evening; and I cheerfully resign to him that duty, begging leave, however, of my brethren alumni, to say one word for myself, upon a subject that is of vital interest to us all, and to which our

president has already alluded. I refer, of course, to the change that has been recently made in the government of the University. And I wish to say now and here, that the honor of making the first step in this direction belongs to the secretary of the class of 1830. In the year 1854 Mr. Warren, being then a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, introduced a bill contemplating a change of the government of the College, transferring it from the legislature to the alumni. That was the first germ of the idea that has now been realized; a perfectly original idea, I believe, and an idea before then unacted upon in any similar institution. The bill was not successful at that time; and I was not aware that it had been introduced when in 1878, at the annual dinner of the Harvard Club of New York, at which we were honored by the attendance of the President of the University, I suggested that under the Act of 1865 non-resident alumni were entitled to representation in the Board of Overseers. On that occasion your worthy president responded kindly. He said he had no doubt whatever that if the Harvard Club would present one of their distinguished members who would promise to attend every meeting of the Board, the alumni of Massachusetts would interest themselves to procure any necessary modification of the law. We were indebted to the efforts of brother Morse, at the last session of the Legislature of the Commonwealth, for the passage of a law which recognizes the eligibility of non-resident alumni to the Board of Overseers, without imposing the conditions of eminent distinction or the necessity of attending every meeting of the Board. Attending every meeting of the Board is something, probably, that no overseer has ever accomplished from the year that the Board of Overseers was established. No such thing can fairly be exacted of a non-resident overseer. And if you should ever have a non-resident overseer, — it certainly would be difficult for a resident of Cincinnati or a resident of St. Louis, and I hope we shall have representatives of both cities, sooner or later, upon the Board of Overseers, — it would not be easy for such an individual to attend all the meetings of the Board, any more than it would have been convenient for a member of the Board of Overseers resident in Berkshire County half a century ago, to attend every meeting. It is about as easy now to come from St. Louis or San Francisco here, as it was then for the resident of Berkshire to make the journey from his town to Boston. I beg you to remember that Cambridge, which was once only a suburb of Boston, is now a suburb of New York; and with the aid of the railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone, New York and Cambridge enjoy easier means of inter-communication to-day than Boston and Cambridge enjoyed when I was an undergraduate.

I must beg permission to say one word on another point without presuming too long on your patience. At the *last* annual dinner of our Harvard Club, the worthy president of our University intimated that the effort to obtain a representation of non-resident graduates in the overseers was due to an expectation on their part that they were thus to improve the condition of the College, and that in view of its present prosperous state they would find that a very difficult matter. Now, it was with no hope and with no pledge to manage things better than they had been managed by the resident alumni for the last fifteen years, that they asked for a representation of non-residents in the Board. They did not aspire to improve the unimprovable. But they deemed it right and just, when they were told year after year that the government of the College had been transferred by the Act of 1865 from the Legislature to the alumni, that all the alumni should be represented in the Board. And the president of the alumni to-day said truly that the right of representation had always been a cherished right in this region; and he might have added that if our fathers had been contented with the same kind of representation accorded to us under the Act of 1865, Massachusetts might have been to this day a province of Great Britain.

But there was another suggestion made at the dinner of 1878, to which I think President Eliot responded more cordially than to the plan of non-resident representation, that is one in which I can sympathize with him to the fullest extent. At that dinner an eminent and able professor of this University pointed out the justice and propriety of establishing a fund for retired and invalid teachers in the University. President Eliot, at the last annual dinner of the alumni, endeavored to impress that suggestion upon this body. It seems to me, the one great need of the University, the one great duty to which all the alumni should devote themselves, is the establishment of a fund whereby a professor may rest assured and confident that when he becomes old and incapacitated he does not leave a starving — I will not say a starving — that he will not leave an embarrassed family dependent upon the charity, if you please, of the alumni. [Applause.] That is the one great need now. Before we undertake to establish more scholarships, let us provide for the present teachers. Impressed with this idea I suggested at our meeting, — this fiftieth anniversary dinner of ours last evening, and in the hope that other classes would follow our lead, — that we should appropriate our class-fund when we have no further need for it, and, accumulated by liberal donations, we hope, during the life of existing members, — to a general fund of the College for the purpose of providing for retired professors. The plan was favored unanimously; and before we separated we pledged ourselves that we would endeavor to make that fund as large during our life-time as possible; and that, when the time came for its ultimate distribution, it should go into the fund for that purpose. If this course should be followed by other classes, the result could not fail to be a most important one.

If by what I have thus hurriedly and imperfectly said, Mr. President, I have succeeded in connecting the Harvard Club of New York and the class of 1830 with two measures so important, in our judgment, to the true interests of the College, my purpose is accomplished, and I will leave the floor to my friend Judge Warren, after thanking you for the kind attention with which you have honored me.

Judge Warren was then called upon to respond for the class of 1830; of which he was class poet, a position held in the preceding class by Oliver Wendell Holmes. He referred to his pleasure of again following Dr. Holmes in regular order with a poem, and then read the poem printed below, which had been written by request of his classmates.

## 1830–1880.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON WARREN.

At last in turn our time has come
To sing our fiftieth year,
Since here we left our youth's fond home
With recollections dear.
Our *alma mater* bids us dine:
The price we long since paid;
We do not ask her old-time wine,
We'll quaff her lemon-ade.

We've aged somewhat, since off we went,
But she has younger grown;
Near five half-centuries she has spent
Where her blest lot was thrown.
But wider far her star shall glitter,
For every year she bears
A fresh and still increasing liter-
-Ary fine flock of heirs.

What buildings rise upon her green!
Who knows her boundless store,
Or where new halls to place between?
Still, Praxes asks for more!
The more we give, the more he'll want,
For more will come to take;
Then make him every wished-for grant,
'Tis all for learning's sake.

Our mother dear cannot forecast
The lot her sons will take;
Her first may sometimes prove the last,
Her last best progress make.
Though after-fortune on some frown,
With her is not the blame;
Wisely she laid her maxims down,
They love her all the same.

The good men do will long survive
When they are in the skies.
To keep the world with truth alive,
The College never dies.

Our *alma mater* fits her course
To meet the country's need;
Her nurture trains the wanted force
For wise, heroic deed.

Should e'er again, in civil strife,
Our country come to grief,
True Harvard would not spare the knife,
But start to her relief.
And when throughout this liberal land
Gross wrong shall rule the day,
Her sons will rise on every hand,
A Sumner lead the way.

Another fifty years, — what then
May be fair Harvard's fate?
Will women rival here with men,
To elevate her state?
Will they be teachers, as the taught,
And overcome all fears?
Think not her course will come to nought
Should some be Overseers.

How different then the college life!
No longer like monastic;
But 'mid these scenes with study rife,
In art and nature plastic,
The mind, not knowing sex, the more
Will search out things material;
Thence up to higher flights will soar,
And scan the realms ethereal.

To Nineteen-Thirty, we send greeting,
Good class — we may believe;
As we cannot attend their meeting,
We here our message leave: —
"Friends of each sex, we stretch our hand,
A century between:
Long may you heed the great command,
'Let your bright light be seen.'"

President Carter then said, "I have found, in calling upon a number of gentlemen, a great disinclination to speak upon the profession of rhetoric and oratory, and I think you would be glad to hear from Adams S. Hill, the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory."

## REMARKS OF PROFESSOR ADAMS S. HILL.

Mr. President and Fellow-Alumni, — There are at least five reasons why I should not have been called upon to speak here to-day. In the first place, I am from Massachusetts; and, as has been said several times to-day, Massachusetts is no longer in the ascendant in the College. Cambridge has become a suburb of New York. New York elects our overseers, New York changes the statutes of Massachusetts, New York presides over the alumni.

In the second place, I belong to a small and obscure body jocularly known as "officers of instruction and government;" that is, I belong to the body of the governed, the body whom you govern, the body who have no voice in the selection of their overseers, no right to express an opinion with reference to the proper men to be selected as overseers. I attended a meeting of the alumni last year, and I heard expressions which forced me to leave

the room. The words "cabal" and "intrigue" were used, and other words which I will not soil my lips with. As if the alumni did not know that the professors never act as a body, but are each a rule for himself.

In the third place, my personal business is to criticise the written or spoken discourse of others. Now, as everybody who has read "Lothair" knows, the critic is he who fails, or who at least has the capacity to fail, in the lines of work which he criticises.

In the fourth place, I am not old enough to speak; for I am a classmate of our *young* president, — as he has been called these twelve years.

In the fifth place, the class of 1853, — to which the president and myself have the honor to belong, — the class of 1853, in furnishing to the University a president who can speak, has done its whole duty. A president who can speak, did I say? A president who can steer the University shell through perilous waters; a president who can pass the contribution-box with any debt-raiser in Christendom; a president who can stand up to be shot at by all denominations, from all localities, by both, by all, sexes; a president — but I leave you to complete the list.

Nevertheless, this presiding officer of yours, this New-Yorker, this ancient man who graduated years and years ago, sent me, last week, a note. I took it down to the seashore, and, like the old man in Homer, I walked by the side of the πολύφλοισβοιο θάλασσης reflecting how not to say the things which came to my lips. I might draw the veil from a recitation-room, from a faculty-meeting, from the new rules and regulations which are to thunder-strike the students next October, from the — shall I say it? — from the boudoirs of the Annex; but I refrain. I imitate the discretion of our young president.

This is no time for burning questions. This is a festival, — a day when science and religion, the Jew and the Gentile, the Roman and the Sabine, the old Latin and the new Latin, lie down or sit down together. For to-day at least, — as the speakers on the Commencement stage have told us, — for to-day Roman-Catholicism and Republicanism are one; for to-day at least, Kant and Spencer are bosom friends.

Sitting on the Commencement stage, fanned by the airs of this millennium, looking down upon the upturned faces of the young men before me, I felt a pleasure akin to that one feels by the shore of the sea, or in the midst of natural beauty. This flower of youth, what a pity it should go to seed in the professions! What a pity that these fine young men should become (to borrow from Charles Lamb) frivolous members of Congress, candidates for the Vice-Presidency, even henchmen, perhaps, of some self-made great man. We hear much, we have heard much to-day, of the scholar in politics. And certainly, as patriots, we may rejoice when educated men take part in politics. So far as politics is concerned, it is good; but how is it for the scholar? If it is dangerous to touch pitch, what is it to be plunged into the cauldron? What likelihood is there that the conscience, the intellect, the English, will be undefiled? Such miracles have happened. We have a Governor who combines Virgil with Cushing's Manual. We have heard to-day from one alumnus who was a member of the Chicago Convention; and we know that that "monstrous rout" was mastered by a Harvard man, and that he was too much even for the proud bird of the Empire State [applause]. But you cannot expect a Van Amburgh in every class.

The future of these young men and of all young men being so uncertain, I delight in their present. As I looked upon those youthful faces, and listened with pleasure to what was said, I felt that the young men were better than what was said, better than what they were likely to say or to do in the world.

We, too, have each of us had our Commencement. Each of us was once a knight, — I will not say a plumed knight, — a knight in virgin armor, eager for the fray. What are we now? Poor old soldiers, a little the worse for wear, all of us, — all except our young president.

The PRESIDENT. — Brethren, in the matter of theology, as we have had a specimen of Unitarian bigotry from our friend Dr. Clarke, I think it is necessary to call an equally virulent representative of the opposite theological school, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge.

## REMARKS OF REV. ALEXANDER McKENZIE, D.D.

Mr. PRESIDENT, — I think it is quite too late for me to attempt to say any thing. It is the first time I have taken a seat upon this platform. I have always preferred to sit with my class, as I was doing when summoned here. But to-day, very unfortunately, I found myself face to face with Thomas Hollis, who was naturally braced up to take down every word which might be uttered; and side by side with him was Ezekiel Hersey, with a box of surgical instruments which he thought might be needed by the rash talkers of the day. The prospect was not propitious or enlivening. It is a mystery to me that anybody has dared to say any thing with that pen poised over the paper yonder.

In nearly all which has been said there has been a flavor of antiquity. Almost everybody has preached. The President of the University took his text from a book within the Book, and most of those who have followed have run into the moralizing vein. It seems to me, that, of all the men gathered here on this occasion, the old preachers have the best of it. I have thought, while looking upon these men who hang before us, that they certainly have some advantage in being extremely thin, so that the cool air can blow through them. They have also the disadvantage of a wonderful monotony. I suppose that one of the most unpromising, unremunerative, unsatisfactory positions in which a man can be placed is to be situated where he must look on, when he is hungry, and see another man eat; and that is the chief work of these gentlemen who are around us. Three times a day, — never a crumb passing their lips, never a cup reached towards their hand, — they gaze upon five hundred men eating and drinking; with this daily penance and performance only broken by the solitude of vacation, and by the festive scenes of Class Day, with its flitting life and beauty. I should think they would want some kind commiseration. I do not wonder they are thin, or that they have an austere and wearied appearance. Yet let us speak of them with respect. Our turn may come. I always thought that the carpenter was very wise, who exercised his best skill on the magistrate's bench which he was called to repair; and who, when he was asked why he took such great care to do the work thoroughly, replied, "Because I expect to sit on that bench myself." And he did. Who can tell when we may find our place upon the wall? It may be that in the process of our service we may become purified and petrified, and put upon the shelf. It becomes us to keep faith with those who are before us, and to secure their good-will. Several classes of silent men join with us in the doings of this time. The select orators of the world are compelled to spend their lives looking out of the round windows of the theatre. Then there are these gentlemen who are compelled to be spectators and auditors amid this feasting and speaking. Between them stand two other classes. One is made by our young men, our brothers, who gave their lives for their country, who keep the place of chief distinction at the centre of this memorial pile. We never pass among those silent slabs without hearing their eloquence, or feeling a fresh thankfulness for the devotion which we can never repay. How familiar with the word soldier and the man soldier we are! We have not yet grown to apprehend what it meant to give a name to be written there. You will remember when the Duke of Dantzic was visited by an old comrade, the French general was found in the luxury of his palace, for which his visitor ventured to envy him. The general said, "You may have it all for a price. Stand twenty paces off, and let me shoot at you one hundred times, and it is yours." The man naturally objected to the terms. "But, to get this, I have stood ten paces off, and been fired at a thousand times." It has cost more than we can estimate to have the renown which we tenderly celebrate.

And who are they who stand back to back with them, confronting the living? Are they not the old prophets? When the University wanted a word for her benediction on the children she was sending out, though she had the treasures of vast libraries, and the words of Grecian and Roman orators, patriots, statesmen, philosophers, poets, in her wisdom, and out of her experience, she chose, as the word which should be heard last, should linger longest in the memory of every son, — she chose her last syllable of blessing from the Hebrew prophet: "*Qui autem docti fuerint fulgebunt.*"

I like this defiance of time, — this joining of the past and the days to come. What have the centuries to do where truth is taught and life is made? We want the facts of the eternal years. Even to men is it given to declare their independence of chronology and chronometer. A thousand years are as one day here, because the years give us their treasures. Out of the thousand years we make a day; out of the day a thousand years, for ourselves and for others. If there be any thing we ought to do here, it is to master the centuries, and claim them as our own. They are for us, and for us to use. We all love the old College. Why do we come back to it? the president asked, just now. It is because of something down deep in our hearts. We may smile sometimes at the word of devotion and affection. When some one who had deserted him twitted Lord John Russell upon his words of affection for his country, and said, "I am tired of hearing this cant of patriotism," the noble lord answered, "The cant of patriotism is better than the recant of patriotism." We can afford to be sentimental. Better be very sentimental than at all cold. Better that our thanks should be fervent, and our feeling imaginative and hopeful beyond all that shall be realized, than that we lose any thing of hope, or faith, or good cheer for the future, or any glad and happy memory of the days that have gone, and which still live. [Applause.]

In introducing Col. Codman the president said: We have all had occasion frequently to lament the very small extent to which University men take an interest in the political affairs of the country. I was

interested and gratified the other day, on reading an account of the proceedings of the convention at Chicago, to hear the clarion voice of a son of Harvard summoning that body of men to discharge their duty to the public.

## REMARKS OF COL. CHARLES R. CODMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN, — I feel, as I rise to address this distinguished audience, very much as I might have felt thirty-one years ago to-day if justice had been done, and I had received a part at commencement. [Laughter.] If I had, the remarks which I should then have made would have been subjected to the careful revision of my excellent friend Professor Torrey; and it is probable that they would have been looked over by the late revered Professor Channing, that great pricker of rhetorical bubbles. If I say any thing now which is unbefitting the occasion or unbecoming the presence in which I find myself, I hope it will be attributed to the fact that there has been no one to revise the few remarks that I intend to make. [Laughter.] They will be few, and they ought to be few, under the present circumstances. You have asked me to say something about politics. That is not an easy thing to do here; for I undertake to be something of a partisan in politics, and I know that this is neutral ground. [Applause.] It may be right though, to say this, in which all will agree, that I hope that in the great political canvass now coming on, the college-bred men of the country, who will not, I am sorry to say, all be found on the one side, and that I am bound to believe to be the right side, — but, on whatever side they may be found, I hope that they will carry on their warfare man-fashion; if not with the spirit entirely of mediæval chivalry, at least with the spirit of fair play that distinguishes the modern prize-ring. I hope there will be no hitting under the belt, if I may use an expression so entirely technical in this presence. [Laughter.] I hope there will be no perversions of facts, no unworthy arguments made by college-bred men. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that we shall have a decent election. We shall hear nothing, I trust, of tissue ballots, or of fraudulent returning boards, or of governors and councils who doctor returns. We hear a good deal in these days of the part that educated men, as they are called, should take in politics: we hear it said that they are not fairly treated. I believe that to be the greatest exaggeration of the truth Here in Massachusetts, at least, we know that it is not so. It is not necessary to go outside of this hall to see living witnesses of the untruth of this statement. It is not true; and it is not true that educated men are unwilling to take part in politics. I should not believe that statement any more than the other. Possibly sometimes they show a little perversity, possibly a little fastidiousness; but, if they do, it is because they have their limitations as well as others who have not had their opportunities. But, however that may be, depend upon it there is no reason for college-bred men to say that there is no chance for them in politics. Gentlemen who say that do not fully appreciate, in all the turmoil, confusion, and corruption, if you will, that exists in the political arena, how large a spirit of justice and fair play will be found in any convention or any representative body which is gathered anywhere.

But I fear I am speaking too long and too seriously for such an occasion as this. It is the first time I have spoken to you; and therefore, Mr. President, following the example of those who have preceded me, both here, and, I have no doubt, at Sanders Theatre to-day, — after making my bow to this audience, I wish to make the bow to the President of the University, which I so longed to make to his predecessor thirty-one years ago. [Applause and laughter.]

PRESIDENT CARTER. — Many years ago, when I was an undergraduate, I used very frequently to see a presence which I have scarcely seen until to-day; and, as I see him here with his war-paint on, I must introduce to you Col. T. W. Higginson.

## REMARKS OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I am very glad to be welcomed as one of those "poor old soldiers" whom the professor of rhetoric and oratory has just touchingly commemorated, and the more especially, as I find myself here in uniform, doing peaceful duty on the governor's staff. These few military uniforms used, in my childhood, to impress me with more wonder than any thing else that belonged to the commencement procession. I do not know what they stand for, to the little boys of to-day, in Cambridge, unless they represent that mythical Harvard undergraduate from Yucatan, who is said by the newspapers to spend every summer vacation in fighting in the revolutions of his native land, and to come back refreshed to his college studies in the autumn. But there is at least this good feature in the present governor's staff, and it is one that may fairly enough be mentioned in this hall, built in memory of dead soldiers. I do not know whether it has occurred to any one that the first governor since the war who has chosen his personal staff wholly from those who had actually been in military service is a Harvard graduate, one who learned his lessons within yonder walls, and took his standard of academic devotion from the memories which this hall commemorates.

Something has been said here to-day, about the condition of the College; and, as nearly all who have thus far spoken have been members either of the teaching or the governing body of the University, I should like, as an outside observer, to add a word. For many years I have been a member of a semi-official body, representing a good deal of work and no authority, called the "committee to visit the College." Its duty is to visit recitations, inspect examination-books, and make reports which are occasionally read and still more rarely heeded. In this rather anomalous body I have been for the last year chairman of the largest sub-committee, that on classics; and, with perhaps quite as much disposition to criticise as to applaud some existing tendencies of the College, I must honestly express the opinion that never within the history of the institution, have the classics been here so well taught. [Applause.] There is an impression abroad that they are taught in a narrow and pedantic way. That is where the merit of the elective system comes in. There are students who are born grammarians, and it is necessary to organize courses to make of them enlightened grammarians; but there are others who seek in the classics the graces of literature, the triumphs of thought, and the elective system gives room for them also. And this is not only true of the classics, but of the other departments of the College, — for I have served on the sub-committees of almost all of them, and have had some opportunity to judge. I am not sure that young men get more from the College in quantity, or even get what is better in quality, than was got thirty years ago; but it is certain that the far greater variety now offered reaches a much wider range of temperament and talent.

There may be some of us who are so ambitious for Harvard University that we should like to see these opportunities spread a little wider still, — to a yet larger constituency. This is not the place, perhaps, for that discussion. In Dr. McKenzie's touching references to the pictures around this wall, I waited hopefully to hear what he would say about the portrait of Madam Boylston, when he got to her; but I observed that he left her out. Now, I cannot consent that she should be omitted. I, too, have had my sympathies excited, fellow-alumni, year after year, by these portraits; but especially for the solitary position of that most excellent and venerable lady, — alone in this hall among so many men, — and I can fancy that at this moment she is pondering the problem of a higher education for women, and is wondering if that unknown quantity in Harvard University will ever be any thing more than "an *x*." [Applause.]

The PRESIDENT. — I hope the day of the succession will be very far distant, but still we have hopes of a succession; and I am inclined on this occasion to bring out the Czarovitch, Oliver Wendell Holmes, jun.

## SPEECH OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JUN.

MR. PRESIDENT, — A man who has a retrospect of nearly twenty years since his own Commencement Day is surprised to find that it seems nearer than many later events. Memory spreads a floor of light from summit to summit of our experience, across which our vision moves easily and uninterrupted. Between there lie broad valleys wrapped in darkness, and many men wrapped in sleep. But we see them not. Some of those who later wrote their names upon the tablets of this hall come back to my recollection almost more vividly, as I saw them in our college days, than when our brotherhood was cemented in the ranks of the Twentieth Massachusetts. Henry Abbott, the youngest of seniors, comes before me not less plainly than the captain, marching with careless step and sword dangling from his wrist like a cane, to what seemed certain death; not less plainly than the most brilliant of regimental commanders, who fell at the head of his regiment in the Wilderness, — a career of glory already completed at twenty-two. Henry Ropes is no longer the bluff, wise Christian captain who fell at Gettysburg, but the member of the Crew and the president of the Hasty Pudding. Frank Bartlett is a tall young sophomore of striking figure; not that other of our captains who, after he had more than paid his debt of suffering to his country with us, pressed again and again into the field, to suffer and to shine still more, — the gallant and gentle soldier whose voice in this place we all remember so well.

Two-thirds of the life of a generation has gone by since then; and when I thus put the past by the side of the present some contrasts begin to appear. The College was metropolitan even in my day. Now it is cosmopolitan. More than physical causes have been at work. In every department of knowledge, what wonderful things have been done to solicit the interest and to stir the hopes of new inquirers! Every thing is interesting when you understand it, when you see its connection with other things, and, in the end, with all other things. And how much of all that has been accomplished to make that possible has been done within the last twenty years! To speak only of my own profession, the law, it is enough to those who are interested in its broader aspects to say that the first book of Sir Henry Maine was published the year I graduated. Since then great contributions have been made; and I think we may affirm with pride, that not the least important of them have come from the great lawyer who presides over our own Law School, Professor Langdell.

It would be bold to say that, with these increased advantages, there has been a corresponding increase of enthusiasm. The Cambridge graduate has always been a little *blasé*, intellectually speaking. Perhaps it is somewhat the fashion to doubt whether life is worth living, to believe that "nothing is new, nothing is true, and it's no matter." But, when it comes to the practical emergencies of life, it seems to me that the graduates of later days have shown that they are of the same stuff as their brothers and their fathers. If not, so much the worse for the brothers and fathers, say I, when I think of the young lawyers, at least, who are coming forward. But in the spiritual emergencies, which are not less real than the practical, I could wish them to remember that the distinction of the scholar is almost our only counterpoise to the distinction of wealth. Where shall chivalrous faith rise above the cynicism of business if not in his person? Life will prove itself worth living if he puts his ambition high enough, if he remembers and believes the noble words of the President of the University, — that the duty of the scholar in this country is to make poverty respectable.

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Its flexible covers enclose fifty-one pages of maps, and forty-four pages of letter-press printing, all contained within a compass of five and one-fourth by three and one-fourth inches. Its weight is two and a half ounces. The maps are singularly beautiful. In drawing and coloring they represent the best results that can be produced in this line of art. Each of the nine Territories has a page to itself, and all the exterior boundaries, as well as all the latest landmarks that indicate the movements of a restless and ceaseless emigration, are set forth according to the latest surveys. This Territorial department alone imparts a special interest to the work, as being a source of reliable reference to those more remote but promising regions that are daily gaining accessions from New England homes.

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Each State also occupies a page, and the presentation of all its salient points is made so attractive, that, without regard to other facilities for geographical information, we are confident that every possessor of this *vade mecum* will find himself referring to its contents almost daily, as he sees in the newspapers the names of cities, towns, or rivers that he cannot locate without being prompted. Certainly no other medium will give him more satisfaction.

The additions to the map department are as follows: Two pages in juxtaposition display the track chart of the Cunard line of steamers; another page is devoted to the original thirteen colonies, and, in view of the march of events since 1776, the picture may be styled an historical exposition as well as a geographical presentment. The British Provinces of Quebec and Ontario (formerly known as Upper and Lower Canada) occupy two pages more. So much for the maps.

The maps, however, do not stand alone. They are supplemented with useful statistical tables, and with many pages of information relating to practical business affairs, so simplified and condensed as to be available for immediate reference. To Col. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, chief officer of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, the editor of this work is indebted for valuable suggestions. The additions in the department of statistics amount to ten pages, and refer to the following topics: Commercial travellers, laws regulating interest, lawful weight of various commodities by the bushel standard, and a list of the movable feasts or festivals as observed by churchmen.

### RECAPITULATION OF CONTENTS.

The following titles to the different tables and articles in the book will sufficiently indicate the scope of the general letter-press matter: —

I. Business-law in daily use.
II. Laws concerning Commercial Travellers in the United States and British Provinces — 1880.
III. Interest-laws of all the States and Territories.
IV. Table showing the time at thirty-six different places when it is 12 o'clock in Boston, with distance by railroad from Boston.
V. Area, population, capitals, etc., of all the States and Territories.
VI. Population of the largest cities throughout the world.
VII. Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States, and their terms of office.
VIII. Reigns of the Kings and Queens of England.
IX. United States government securities.
X. British "Consols."
XI. Abridgment of United States Postal Regulations — official.
XII. Postal Money Orders — official.
XIII. The Metric System of Weights and Measures — official.
XIV. Weight per bushel of grain, etc.
XV. Value of all foreign coins in United States money.
XVI. Highest and lowest price of gold from 1862 to 1878.
XVII. Gold value of United States currency from 1862 to 1878.
XVIII. Legal holidays in Massachusetts.
XIX. Movable feasts, from 1880 to 1885, inclusive.
XX. Boston Fire Alarm Telegraph, including the location of the 578 alarm boxes — revised by the Commissioners.
XXI. Calendars for 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883.

The map-work is arranged in the following order: —

I. Track-chart of the Cunard line, showing the route taken by the company's steamers.
II. Map of the original thirteen Colonies.
III. A map of the United States and Territories, on one page.
IV. Forty-seven separate and beautifully colored maps of the States and Territories, with principal cities and towns, lines of railway, etc.
V. Maps of the British Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, on separate pages.

It should be distinctly understood that by reason of the great cost attending a special publication of this kind, MACULLAR, PARKER, & COMPANY cannot furnish copies except as hereinbefore stated; viz., to regular customers in person, at the discretion of the publishers. This, of course, precludes any response to applications through the mails. Any other plan of distribution would involve the outlay attending an issue of hundreds of thousands of copies. The work is not for sale at any price.



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